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THE WAR.

THE story of the war this week is the same story that has for so many weeks to be told with little variation. Nothing has been done to relieve Paris from the inside or the outside. No fresh sortie has been made. No French army has done anything to threaten the besiegers. The division of the Army of the Loire which remained on the north bank of the river, under General CHANZY, was engaged towards the close of last week on three successive days in engagements, which were not without credit to the French troops, for they only gradually yielded to an inferior force, and did not exhibit the wild panic which, in the decisive battle of the 3rd, paralysed the action and upset the plans of D'AURELLE. But there was no one to stop the German advance on the left bank of the Loire; and after Vierzon had been occupied, a force moved on to Blois and entered the town without resistance, thus forcing CHANZY to retreat westwards. There are somewhere or other two divisions of the Army of the Loire—that under CHANZY, which may be supposed to be somewhere near Le Mans, and that under BOURBAKI, which is at or near Bourges. Both armies are said to be receiving constant and large reinforcements. Probably this is true, for the supply of untrained, ill-equipped, disheartened lads whom the Government send onward to the seat of war appears inexhaustible. What is wanted, however, appears to be, not a large number of men who will not fight, but a small number of men who will fight. It has been now ascertained that the 200,000 men under D'AURELLE were swept off the battle-field by something under 90,000 Germans. The French artillery was numerous and well served, but, to use the expression of a competent judge, there was no heart in the infantry; and one corps gave way in a body, and raced off the scene of action. It showed probably much judgment and courage in D'AURELLE to make up his mind at once that the only thing for such an army was to retreat, and it showed considerable skill so to order the retreat that it was an orderly movement backwards, and not a rout. The first consequence of the German success was naturally that the Government had to leave Tours, and retire to Bordeaux. GAMBETTA, however, who is the Government in himself, has preferred to stay at the seat of war; and his harmless colleagues have been sent off to a distant seaport, where they can pursue the routine of administration and concoct the necessary news. Once more it must be repeated that it is one thing to do justice to France, and another thing to describe exactly what in point of fact happens. It is highly creditable to the Government, and to the country, that a nation which three months ago lost almost every one of its regular soldiers should have put into the field a new army of 200,000 men; and it is creditable that the whole country should be filled with at least the spirit of resistance, and that here and there instances should have been found of men new to war fighting bravely against veteran troops. But after all this has been said it remains true that the armies intended to relieve Paris have been beaten, and in no part of the country can make head against the invaders. The victories of the French and the dangers of the Germans are all in the future. The most that can be done is to calculate that if the Armies of the Loire are reinforced, and if they can recover their lost ground, and if they can overpower or pass by Prince FREDERIC CHARLES, or if the Army of the North can cut the German line of communications, or if a new sortie succeeds, then the Germans will be in a very awkward position. Any one of these things is perhaps possible, and it would be very rash to lay down as an indisputable truth that the French will not even now drive the besiegers from before Paris. But

when we look to the present, we see that they are not doing so, and that nothing they do looks as if they could relieve Paris, or as if Paris could save itself.

Paris, however, is not willing to allow that it cannot save itself. When VON MOLKE sent to inform TROCHU of the recapture of Orleans, and of the defeat of the Army of the Loire, the French General replied that he accepted the information as possibly true, but that in any case Paris would go on its own course independently of what might happen in the provinces. This may or may not have been an over-statement both of the intentions and prospects of Paris. But at any rate the time had not come then, and probably may not come just at present, when the question of surrender will have a reality for the Parisian mind. The siege has produced great discomfort, much sickness, and some depression. But Paris has not as yet had to undergo real privations. It has not suffered seriously. The troops are still well provisioned, and the civil population manages to get on from day to day. The chief effect of such suffering as there has been seems to consist in inspiring the population with an indisposition to take any active line at all. They do not resist or criticize the Government. There is a dull leaden atmosphere enwrapping their life, and its monotony makes them passive and docile. They probably do not know what they expect to happen that can be of much use; but they believe that their fortifications are impregnable, and the besiegers cannot therefore hurt them while they have food of some sort—not as much as they would like, but enough to keep themselves in moderate health and spirits. Why, then, should they give in? They had better trust, they think, to the chapter of accidents, and see whether something even now may not turn up which will put everything straight. It must also be remembered that a very large portion of the Parisian population consists of the National Guard and of their families. The feelings of such persons as fathers and shopkeepers might prompt them to think that peace and plenty and open markets would be very pleasant. But then they are not merely fathers and shopkeepers; they are National Guardsmen, and as such they may be compelled to hold out. The National Guard appears to dislike fighting very much, and to consider it outrageous if it is asked to put itself in serious danger. In VINOT's sortie a regiment of the National Guard was placed behind a regiment of regular troops which did all the fighting, but the National Guard received all the honour, because, as the Government explained, it was necessary to keep them in good humour. But although the National Guard do not want to fight, they would naturally wish to be so far like soldiers as to be thought very much disinclined to give in or to dream of peace, or to be considered lenient and friendly to the Germans. The use of the National Guard is not to help in military operations, but to impose on the heads of the civil population a habit of talking in a military style. So long as there is no immediate danger, a little tradesman would be much less likely to do what he could to bring about a capitulation if he were indulged in fancying himself a soldier than if he had to fret in the gloomy inactivity of his unfrequented and impoverished shop. Paris therefore will not feel any pressing anxiety about its fate until it really begins to starve, or unless a bombardment alarms it very seriously. It is said that Count BISMARCK has a project for offering Paris a week to consider favourable terms of capitulation, and then, if these are rejected, to bombard the town. Possibly the Parisians may be tempted by a promise that if they give the Germans no further trouble they shall not be put under any requisition. But it may be doubted if a threat of bombardment is a very terrible one. The number of guns which the Germans have which, while safe from the fire of the forts, can carry over the forts into the town beyond, cannot be very

large, and the number of persons out of a population of two millions who would be killed or wounded or suffer any great loss would be small. Public buildings would be damaged, but the greatest gems of art in Paris are safely stowed away, and a man who scorns to give in because he has to dine off rats would not easily be scared into submission by the apprehension that the figures outside the New Opera House or the façade of the Tuileries might be spoilt.

After the capture of Rouen General MANTEUFFEL had no difficulty in entering Dieppe; but, after obtaining a few provisions and enjoying the sight of the sea, the troops moved off, and were supposed to be threatening Havre. The intention, if it ever existed, of attacking a town naturally strong and held by a large garrison, seems to have been abandoned, at least for the present, and the people of Havre are allowed to indulge in the delightful thought that they have beaten off the enemy, and to believe in telegrams stating that 50,000 Prussians, including the Crown Prince, have been killed outside Paris. The object of MANTEUFFEL is to live on the population that opposes him, and to keep off every force that would be likely to try to relieve Paris from the North. So long as he manages to do this, he succeeds, whether he takes or passes by any particular town. It is unlikely that he would engage in any enterprise or move to any distance which would render it impossible for him to counteract an attempt to succour Paris by a movement along the left bank of the Seine, or southwards from Lille. General FAIDHERBE has sent an expeditionary force which took Ham, and passed, without attempting to take, La Fère. Whether this is a serious attempt to cut the line of the German communications remains to be seen. Something, on the other hand, has been done this week to facilitate those communications by the capture of Phalsburg and Montmédy. The protracted siege of Phalsburg had a peculiar interest from the memory of the siege which it underwent in the days of the First NAPOLEON, and the memory of which has been popularized by the ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN romances. It has again endured a blockade of four months, and General TALHOUER deserves, and will probably enjoy, the good fortune of figuring as the hero of future stories. Phalsburg could not resist when the Germans made up their minds seriously to take it, and the same may be said of Montmédy. But the operations of the Germans are now on so enormous a scale that they are under the necessity of calling for more men. A new levy of 150,000 men is said to have been made, although correspondents variously describe this new levy as consisting of married men from thirty-five to forty, of married men under thirty-two, and of quite young men. No one, however, seems to doubt that Germany has more men to send, and will cheerfully send them, although those whose hopes rest with France calculate that the exaction of new food for powder will soon sicken Germany of the war. It is obvious that it will also make the Germans more determined not to let off the French cheaply if they are once beaten down beyond the possibility of further resistance. But these remote speculations are of no great value at present, and all ulterior considerations may be postponed until it is finally known whether Paris will be taken or relieved.

GERMANY.

THE North German Parliament has virtually terminated its own existence by the completion of the task which it was created to perform. There is no longer any distinction between North and South Germany, and the Confederation will be merged in the Empire as soon as the King of Prussia has overcome his ostensible or real hesitation. It fell to the lot of the King of BAVARIA to propose an inevitable settlement which involved the surrender of his own independent sovereignty. The remaining princes, some of them sincere and ardent patriots, and others bitter though secret enemies of Prussia, have concurred with outward cheerfulness in the movement which it had become impossible to resist. The Emperor NAPOLEON's fatal blunder becomes partially intelligible, though not excusable, in the light which is shed upon it by its latest result. His dull and frivolous agents at the South German Courts understood the repugnance of kings and of local magnates to subside into the obscurity of a secondary position; and, knowing nothing of German literature or of the opinion of the middle-classes, they assured their employer that Bavaria and Wurtemberg would welcome a French protectorate as the best security against absorption in a united Germany. Some of the Royal personages who are henceforth to be mere satellites revolving round the centre of the Imperial system may perhaps have awaited in anxious hope the expected advance of

the French army when it unaccountably loitered, from the middle to the end of July, in the neighbourhood of Metz; yet it is certain that sympathy or aid afforded to the foreign invader would have precipitated the oldest German dynasty from its throne. The only chance of postponing the union of Germany lay in a peaceful and unambitious policy on the part of France. Provincial jealousy and impatience of military burdens would have opposed serious obstacles to the aggrandizement of Prussia, if NAPOLEON III. had not insanely converted into enemies his possible allies. As far as the princes have supported the common cause, the elevation of a federal ruler over their heads might assume the appearance of ingratitude; but there is no doubt that the Southern German population, and especially the more intelligent classes, welcome a change by which princes and nobles are the only losers.

The revival, or rather the creation, of the Empire was probably necessary or expedient. The ancient title of Roman Emperor would now be a pedantic anachronism, and the former organization of the Realm is equally obsolete; but the Imperial rank represents with tolerable accuracy the power which by a long succession of causes has devolved on the head of the House of HOHENZOLLERN. The Oriental style of King of Kings would have been invidious, and there would have been an anomaly in the application of the regal title to the King of GERMANY and the King of SAXONY or WURTEMBERG. The German Kings and Roman Emperors of the middle ages were surrounded by dukes, counts, and marquises; and it was only in the last century that a second German kingdom was formed from the Electorate of Brandenburg. Since the fall of the First NAPOLEON, patriots and antiquaries have often cultivated aspirations for the restoration of the Imperial Realm. In 1814 some dreamers thought it possible to make a private person Emperor; and STEIN was mentioned as a possible candidate for the imaginary dignity. The same notion revived when all the German Governments had been temporarily paralysed by the revolution of 1848; and the short-lived Frankfort Parliament, though its nominal President was an Austrian Archduke, tendered the Imperial Crown to the predecessor of the present King of Prussia. Within less than ten years before the present time the Emperor of AUSTRIA collected the majority of the German princes round him at Frankfort, in the hope that the rank which was abdicated by his grandfather might be in some new form restored to the family of HAPSBURG. If Austria had been victorious in the war of 1866, the project might perhaps have revived; but there is now only one possible claimant of the German Crown, and the title of Kaiser or Emperor is simpler and more impressive than that of President of the German Confederation. There could be no question of reviving the ancient system of election, which had indeed, except in times of anarchy, always tended to convert itself into hereditary succession. Sensitive Germans will no longer be offended by the ostentatious supremacy of Prussia over the minor States. For some purposes the EMPEROR, like the POPE, will have the right of interfering directly with the affairs of States in which a minor potentate exercises ordinary domestic jurisdiction.

The Empire will be so far federal that a Council of Princes in which Prussia has only a minority of votes will have the right of determining questions of peace and war. With the support of her own neighbouring dependents Prussia will probably be supreme in the Council; but the right of voting will constitute a practical check on attempts to assume irresponsible power. The Diet or Parliament will be more homogeneous than the Council, and if it is to act in harmony with the Executive Government the Ministers must always possess the confidence of the EMPEROR, who will be a Prussian as well as a German. The Ministers of the minor States will have no opportunity of acquiring distinction or of exercising power as Parliamentary leaders; and when a future Chancellor happens not to possess commanding genius and reputation, he may probably be exposed to frequent embarrassment through the necessity of dealing with local sections as well as with political parties. The rights which have been reserved to Bavaria, and to some extent to other Southern States, are apparently reasonable, although Count BISMARCK was threatened with opposition because his project of union was not theoretically perfect. Bavaria naturally objected to alien interference with the indigenous staple of beer. The control of the excise on beer, the command of the army in time of peace, and the right of diplomatic representation are reserved to the KING and local Parliament of Bavaria; and in the absence of the German Ambassador, the Minister of Bavaria is to represent the Imperial Government at foreign Courts. The North German Parliament would have shown a grievous want of

statesmanlike sagacity if it had persisted in rejecting the conditions of the adherence of Bavaria. If it is found desirable hereafter to restrict State rights in the German Empire more closely, the Council and Parliament will be competent to the business of organic legislation. The new Constitution is entirely experimental. A federal Empire is subjected to endless difficulties when it extends, as in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, over States inhabited by different and hostile races. The Germans belong to a single nation, and, in the event of a collision between local and central authority, the separate States will probably have to give way. An analogous task was facilitated in Italy by the preliminary expulsion of the dynasties which were superseded by the new sovereign of the Kingdom. It was perhaps also an advantage to VICTOR EMMANUEL that his own possessions of Piedmont and Sardinia were not considerable enough to claim a preponderance of power in the new Kingdom. It is hardly probable that Prussia will be content to become on equal terms a part of Germany; and yet the other States of the Empire will have a right to feel themselves aggrieved if they are relegated to an inferior position. It has fortunately been always the custom to allow the subjects of every State to pass freely into the civil and military service of other German Governments; and the members of Royal and Princely Houses enjoy a preference for the higher commands in the army. The Constitution of America, in which no State possesses a monopoly of the Presidency, is essentially unlike the new German system.

German Republicans probably watch with complacency the establishment of the Empire. Their adversary has henceforth a single neck, and if at any time they are strong enough to change the form of government, their Republic will be ready to their hands. The enemies of monarchy have lately concentrated their animosity on the King of PRUSSIA, with the plausible pretext that he and his Minister deliberately pursue a warlike policy with a view to the maintenance of military despotism. If the charge should prove to have any foundation, perseverance in the alleged system will arouse a formidable opposition. It is probable that a large part of the population of Germany already regards the prolongation of the campaign with disappointment and dissatisfaction, and it will be impossible to repeat the experiment of an equally popular war. Unless Russia were unwise enough to assail German feelings or interests, no opponent who could be selected would arouse a genuine spirit of national antagonism. The German Parliament, though it is unfortunately to be elected by universal suffrage, will probably be independent enough to resist a warlike and aggressive policy. The middle classes who in Prussia struggled long and resolutely against the King's schemes of military organization will, as far as they are represented in the German Parliament, continue to urge the reduction of the army. The heir of the Empire is believed to share their opinions; and if the Liberal party is defeated, the Republicans may have a chance.

LUXEMBURG.

MUCH excitement has been caused in England this week by an announcement that Germany, having reason, as it alleges, to complain of infractions of its neutrality by Luxembourg, considers itself free to act in the matter as it may think proper. The question naturally forces itself on every Englishman, whether, if Germany violates the neutrality of Luxembourg, we should be bound to interfere, supposing we had the requisite strength, in order to prevent or punish this violation. The only answer to this question must be an historical one. It is assumed that, if Germany violates the neutrality of Luxembourg, it must ultimately mean to annex the Duchy against its wish, against that of its GRAND DUKE, and in defiance of England and other Powers. That may or may not be so. At present we have only to do with the facts as they have arisen. In 1839 England, in common with the other Great Powers, guaranteed possession of Luxembourg to the King of HOLLAND as Grand Duke, Prussia having the right to garrison the fortress on behalf of the German Confederation—a permission accorded to it on the double ground that, out of the 200,000 inhabitants of the Duchy, 180,000 are of German extraction, and that the possession of Luxembourg was necessary to the defence of Germany. After the break-up of the German Confederation in 1866 the GRAND DUKE agreed to sell the Duchy to France on two conditions—that the consent of the inhabitants should be obtained, and that the consent of Prussia should be obtained. Ultimately, after much secret bargaining between the EMPEROR and Count BISMARCK, Prussia objected. Up to this time the English Cabinet had adopted the

line of declaring that, if the GRAND DUKE chose to sell his possession, England was relieved from the responsibility of guaranteeing him in the possession of it; but that England must wait until it was known whether Prussia assented or not, the assent of Prussia being one of the conditions on which the vendor himself insisted. France resented the opposition of Prussia, and war seemed imminent, when it was agreed on all sides to hold a Conference at London. At this Conference it was first proposed that all the Powers who should be parties to the proposed treaty should engage to respect the neutrality of Luxembourg; but Prussia insisted, and France took the lead in agreeing, that "the principle of the neutrality of Luxembourg should be placed under the sanction of the collective guarantee of the Powers who signed the treaty." This proposal, which, it must be observed, came from Prussia, as if it looked on a collective guarantee as more binding than an engagement entered into by each signatory to respect the neutrality of Luxembourg, was accepted, and a treaty was drawn up and signed on May 11, 1867, by which this collective guarantee was given, the Prussians undertaking to evacuate the fortress, and the GRAND DUKE undertaking to raise it. An explanation of the course taken by the Government was naturally demanded by Parliament. On the 9th of May, Lord STANLEY, then Foreign Secretary, stated, as a general summary of the part England had taken, that "we had not incurred any fresh responsibility. We have 'rather limited and defined the responsibility which formerly rested on this country in connexion with Luxembourg.'" On the 14th of June, a month after the treaty was signed, the subject was fully discussed in the House of Commons. Lord STANLEY explained that England alone had hesitated as to giving this collective guarantee, and that though he did not believe that by the proposed step the real liability of England was at all increased, yet the very name and idea of a new guarantee was so utterly distasteful to him that for two or three days he hesitated, and at last he gave the guarantee under a feeling of doubt and anxiety such as he never felt upon any other public question. He invited the House, however, to notice that it was only a collective guarantee that had been given. "No one of the signatories is liable to be called upon to act 'singly or separately. We are bound in honour to see, in concert with others, that these arrangements are maintained. But if the other Powers join with us, it is certain that there will be no violation of neutrality. If they, situated exactly as we are, decline to join, we are not bound single-handed to make up the deficiencies of the rest. Such a guarantee has 'obviously rather the character of a moral sanction to the arrangements which it defends than that of a contingent liability to make war.'" No objection whatever was made by any speaker of any party to this interpretation, and the House of Commons allowed the subject to drop.

Thenceforward the discussion was confined to the House of Lords, and, as Lord DERBY was Prime Minister, it was highly convenient that he should personally explain the degree of responsibility which the Ministry of which he was the head had accepted on behalf of the nation. On the 20th of June Lord RUSSELL stated that, in his opinion, "even if Prussia and France were at war, he did not think that either of them would be disposed to violate the neutrality of Luxembourg, 'because they would have to consider that by doing so they would provoke the hostility of the Great Powers who have consented to give this guarantee.'" Lord HOUGHTON followed by saying that HER MAJESTY'S Government had undertaken a very serious responsibility, but were right in so doing; and then Lord DERBY gave his account of what had really taken place. After pointing out that Prussia had insisted on the collective guarantee as a *sine quâ non*, without which she would go to war at once, he pointed out that in 1839 England had joined in what Lord DERBY termed a joint and several guarantee of the possession of Luxembourg by the King of HOLLAND, and in a joint and several guarantee of the neutrality of Belgium. But by the Treaty of 1867 we had done something wholly different. "Now a guarantee of neutrality," said Lord DERBY, "is very different from a guarantee of possession. If France and Prussia were to have a quarrel between themselves, and either were to violate the neutrality of Luxembourg by passing their troops through the Duchy for the purpose of making war on the other, we might, if the guarantee had been individual as well as joint, have been under the necessity of preventing that violation, and the same obligation would have rested upon each guarantor; but as it is, we are not exposed to so serious a contingency, because the guarantee is only collective—that is to say, it is binding only upon all the Powers in their collective capacity; they all agree to main-

"tain the security of Luxemburg, but not one of these Powers is bound to fulfil the obligation alone. This is a most important difference, because the only two Powers by which the neutrality of Luxemburg is likely to be infringed are two of the parties to this collective guarantee; and therefore, if either of them violate the neutrality, the obligation on all the others would not accrue." Lord CLARENDON followed by saying, "I look upon our guarantee in the case of Belgium as an individual guarantee, and have always so regarded it; but this is a collective guarantee. No one of the Powers, therefore, can be called upon to take single action, even in the improbable case of any difficulty arising." Subsequently, on the Duke of ARGYLL expressing surprise that if an interpretation which "reduced the whole thing to a sham, a farce," was the right one, Lord STANLEY should have taken three whole days before assenting to the treaty, and expressed so much pain at taking the responsibility, Lord DERBY replied that this had been the case because Lord STANLEY was afraid England would take alarm at the mere word guarantee, and would not take the time requisite to 'understanding what in this particular case the guarantee amounted to.

On the 4th of July the subject of the treaty was again brought forward by Lord HOUGHTON, who asked once more for an authoritative interpretation of the term "collective guarantee" as applied to Luxemburg. Lord DERBY furnished one which had at least the merit of being sufficiently explicit. "Suppose," said Lord DERBY, "that in anticipation of any invasion by France, Prussia thought it necessary to make defensive advances into Luxemburg, and Russia and Austria held aloof, does the noble lord contend for a moment that England—situated as she is, and absolutely unable to put a sufficient military force on the Continent for preserving this neutrality—has contracted the obligation of enforcing the guarantee which she gave in common with all the other Powers of Europe? Such a construction is contrary to all the rules of interpretation, and far beyond what this country should undertake or carry through. I can give no further interpretation of the treaty than this, that so far as the honour of England is concerned she will be bound to respect the neutrality of Luxemburg, and I expect that all the other Powers will equally respect it; but she is not bound to take upon herself the Quixotic duty, in the case of a violation of the neutrality of Luxemburg by one of the Powers, of interfering to prevent its violation." Lord RUSSELL replied by saying that he was sorry we had embarked in a guarantee open to so much misconstruction, but that with regard to the technical interpretation of the treaty he was not inclined to dispute that given by Lord DERBY, while at the same time he conceived the country had entered into a moral obligation; while the Duke of ARGYLL confined himself to so far correcting Lord DERBY's interpretation as to say that, in case one of the signatories violated the treaty, and all the others concurred in requiring England to uphold it, England would then be legally as well as morally bound; and Lord HOUGHTON concluded the discussion by stating that he accepted the obligation imposed by the treaty in the same sense. This ended the matter, the Government insisting that, if any one of the other signatories violated the neutrality of Luxemburg, England was not in any way bound; the Opposition mildly replying that it nevertheless would be bound in one case, but in one case only, and that case was the case of all the other signatories calling on England to help them in upholding the treaty. Neither France nor Prussia objected to the interpretation thus formally put on the treaty by the English Government. They acquiesced, content that peace had been preserved—Prussia satisfied because Luxemburg had not been sold to France, and France satisfied because the fortifications of Luxemburg were to be rased.

The net result is that we are bound to guarantee the possession of Luxemburg to the King of HOLLAND as Grand Duke, exactly as we are bound to guarantee the independence and neutrality of Belgium. Although no other Power came to his assistance, the King of HOLLAND might perhaps call upon England to aid him in defending him in the possession of his Grand Duchy, and England would be legally and morally bound to defend him in his possessions, although no other Power would help. Our only excuse for not interfering then to help him would be that we were physically unable, that we could do him no good—Luxemburg, unfortunately, not being a seaport—and that we should do ourselves an infinite amount of harm. Austria would be exactly in the same position as that in which we should be, and Austria, while admitting her obligation, might allege with some degree of

plausibility that though she was bound to help Belgium or the GRAND DUKE, she could not do so without exposing herself to the risk of utter ruin. But when it is a question, not of taking away Luxemburg from the GRAND DUKE, but of violating its neutrality, then, according to the interpretation of the Government which concluded the Treaty of 1867, England would be absolved from all responsibility by the mere fact that the violator was one of the signatories; and this interpretation was accepted by Lord CLARENDON, while even those of the Opposition who went furthest only differed so far as to say that, if all the other signatories besides the violator called on England to interfere, England would be bound to act in concert with them. It may be added that England is in no way bound to be the Power that asks the others whether they will interfere. It might be supposed that some duty of the sort lay on her, because the Conference was held and the treaty concluded in London. But, as Lord STANLEY stated in the House of Commons on April 29, 1867, "the preparations for a Conference were not solely made by England, but by all the Powers neutral in this dispute." So far as we know at present, Germany has made no demand whatever for the cession of Luxemburg; while the King of HOLLAND, as Grand Duke, has taken occasion to declare that he will not cede or part with Luxemburg. What the Germans have done is to declare that, as Luxemburg has been the centre of an agitation and organization hostile to Germany, it considers itself free to act as it may find necessary with regard to the neutrality of Luxemburg. If Germany, passing from words to deeds, violates the neutrality of Luxemburg, we also shall then be free to act. According to Lord DERBY's interpretation—an interpretation, it will be observed, not challenged by vote in either House, accepted by Lord CLARENDON, and acquiesced in by France and Prussia—we shall, *ipso facto*, be relieved from the obligation of the Treaty of 1867; while, according to the interpretation of a section of the then Opposition, we shall be bound to aid Austria, Russia, and France in upholding the neutrality of Luxemburg, provided that all these Powers concur in calling on us to do so; but we shall be no more bound to invite their concurrence than they will be to invite ours.

THE LORD MAYOR AND THE PEACEMONGERS.

IT may be hoped that the LORD MAYOR, who seems to be a man of sense, will not retract his refusal of the use of Guildhall to a petty knot of agitators. Of a dozen or two of persons who have undertaken to supersede the Government in the management of foreign affairs, only one has attained a certain kind of notoriety. Following in the footsteps of the County Court Judge of Cambridge, a solicitor named MERRIMAN has on several occasions made violent political speeches, and taken part in mob gatherings in the streets. Since the overthrow of the Imperial Government, Mr. MERRIMAN, in common with other democrats, has become enthusiastic in the cause of France; and it has occurred to him that a meeting purporting to represent the City of London might perhaps attract the attention of foreigners, and exercise a certain pressure on the Government. It is surprising that among a large population the managers of the undertaking should only have succeeded in collecting seven or eight hundred signatures to their memorial. The LORD MAYOR remarked the absence from the list of all the bankers and of the leading citizens, who indeed could scarcely be expected to select Mr. MERRIMAN as their spokesman. If the wishes or counsels of bystanders could stop the war, a vote for raising the siege of Paris, and abandoning the further prosecution of the campaign, would in any assemblage of Englishmen be carried by acclamation. Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE would not wait for a Guildhall resolution to renew overtures of mediation if there was the smallest probability that their offers would be accepted; but the City memorialists proposed to address themselves directly to the King of Prussia and his Minister, and their diplomatic communications, as far as they corresponded to the tone of their speeches, would have been, in every sense of the word, impertinent. If the LORD MAYOR had possessed no other means of estimating the claim of the applicants to attention and respect, Mr. MERRIMAN's speeches, both among his own associates and at the Mansion House, would have illustrated his good taste and discretion. On one occasion he remarked, in a condescending tone, that Lord GRANVILLE was a good fellow, but that he was controlled by Royal influence. Although he professed to be astonished by the LORD MAYOR's refusal of the use of the Guildhall, he had previously remarked that, if the request of the memorial were rejected, it would be better

that the hall itself should be demolished, and that the site should be sold for shops and warehouses. The City is sufficiently conservative of its own property and privileges to distrust politicians who threaten it with confiscation if they are not allowed to speak in its name. One of the reasons urged for allowing the meeting to take place was the alleged expediency of discountenancing an intended German loan. There may be a difference of opinion on the propriety of aiding belligerents with money or supplies, though in the present case capitalists have displayed a laudable impartiality between France and Germany; but the Stock Exchange would not willingly submit to the dictation, in questions of investment or speculation, of the impecunious classes who would alone have accepted Mr. MERRIMAN'S invitation.

If the LORD MAYOR had opened the Guildhall and presided at the meeting, resolutions would probably have been moved and carried by the demagogues who a few weeks ago threatened public order by holding a torchlight meeting in Palace Yard. Mr. MERRIMAN took the trouble of conveying to the delegates at Tours the expressions of sympathy with the French Republic which proceeded from that or some similar meeting; but M. GAMBETTA and his colleagues probably understand by their own experience the value of opinions professed by revolutionary clubs. The City of London is better known than the Peace Society, which seems to be another form of the Jacobinical International Working-Men's Association; and the LORD MAYOR has in some degree the character of the City in his keeping. The exaggerated belief of foreigners in the importance of the great municipal dignitary has long supplied Englishmen with a standing joke; but a meeting directed by the principal citizens and held under the presidency of the LORD MAYOR might really afford an indication of the state of public opinion. There is nothing to prevent Mr. MERRIMAN and his friends from hiring a room in the City, or in any other part of London, in which they may declaim to any extent against Germany and in favour of Republican institutions. The eminent citizens who, according to Mr. MERRIMAN'S statement, have signed his memorial, would have the opportunity of correcting the LORD MAYOR'S ignorance of their names and characters. It appears that the agitators have actually caught an alderman, who would naturally take the chair. The resolutions will have all the weight which may attach to the names of the movers and supporters.

As even the peacemongers of the streets can scarcely hope to frighten the King of Prussia by verbal remonstrances, they must desire, if they have any policy at all, to involve England in the war; yet the new Peace Society proposes to resist all schemes of national armament. Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON, who is a revolutionist of a higher type than Mr. MERRIMAN, is nevertheless more candid in his avowal of designs which seem flagrantly inconsistent. He proposes to engage in foreign war by sending 100,000 men to the aid of France, and at the same time he threatens civil war if any attempt is made to enforce the Militia ballot. Mr. HARRISON well knows that an army employed on foreign service would require a reserve of equal strength at home, and that neither force could be provided or maintained by voluntary recruiting. If he were to explain his meaning, he would perhaps admit that in a great emergency it might be allowable to resort to compulsory enlistment; and although in some of his published letters he refers to English traditions of the balance of power, he probably regards the enterprise which he recommends, not as a political war, but as a crusade. He foretells as a result of the present struggle the establishment in France of the supremacy of labour over capital, an object for which English taxpayers perhaps would not be eager to incur heavy sacrifices. Although the doctrine of the balance of power has gone out of fashion, there is much to be said for the old English policy of maintaining the independence of Europe against Spain in the sixteenth century, and afterwards against France; but wars undertaken through sympathy with particular parties in foreign States are in the highest degree objectionable. If it should prove that Mr. HARRISON is mistaken in his expectation of a Socialist Republic in France, it would not be desirable to have provoked the hostility of the majority which might become dominant in its stead. Those Englishmen who deprecate the overthrow of the existing social and political system cannot but apprehend that eloquent and philosophical preachers of revolution, as well as vulgar demagogues, anticipate the triumph of their principles at home as well as abroad as a consequence of the enterprise which they advocate.

Among ordinary and moderate politicians there is no differ-

ence of opinion on the expediency of abstaining from public displays of sympathy with either belligerent. Interference and advice on the part of foreigners are always unwelcome, and at present both the French and, with less excuse, the Germans are extraordinarily sensitive. Although it might have been supposed that German soldiers and officers and Crown Princes knew that the English language was used in America, it appears that the trade-mark on American rifles found upon the French are considered proofs that the arms are supplied from England. The North-German Consul at New York has been directed by his Government to abstain from inquiring into the shipment of arms, on the ground that the trade is not prohibited by the law of nations. At the same time Count BERNSTORFF'S appeals to the English Government have never been withdrawn, and newspaper Correspondents at Versailles are constantly reporting complaints by the army of an imaginary grievance. A City meeting in favour of France would aggravate and partially excuse the irritation which has been cultivated since the beginning of the war. On the other hand, the French would resent the disappointment which would inevitably ensue when expressions of compassion and goodwill were not followed by any practical assistance. If either Frenchmen or Germans cared greatly for the judgment of England, they might ascertain its direction by a comparison of newspapers representing various forms of opinion. A meeting even of a more respectable character than that of Palace Yard is for the most part packed with partisans who refuse to listen to the other side of the question. Discussion in the presence of a popular audience is practically impossible; and the fact that a few hundreds of people have adopted certain conclusions is not for the most part important. The LORD MAYOR, in his answer to Mr. MERRIMAN'S deputation, gave several good reasons for disapproving of the objects set forth in the memorial; but it would have been a sufficient answer that the obscure framers of the document had no claim to represent the intelligence or the commercial activity of the City.

THE CHAIRMANSHIP OF THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

THE provision in the Education Act by which the Chairman of the London School Board is separated off from his brethren, and allowed to receive a salary, is one which, in spite of the decision arrived at by the School Board on Thursday, will in the end, we think, be found a necessary evil. It is an evil, because men would canvass zealously for a place worth 1,500*l.* or 2,000*l.* a-year who might not have shown equal eagerness if the work of the Chairman had been merely its own reward. Appointments of this value are not often given away by vote, unless the voters are disposing of their own money, or will personally suffer by the duties of the post being ill done. An election divested of both these safeguards would offer a large field for jobbery, and though the present members of the School Board have shown that they are superior to this weakness, it is impossible to be equally sure of their successors. The first Board has been elected under exceptional circumstances. Public attention has been greatly fixed on the candidates, and the sense that many questions of principle will have to be decided during the next three years has brought an unusual proportion of eminent men into the field. Where is the security that these securities will be equally operative in future elections? The metropolitan ratepayer has made a conspicuous, and in great part successful, effort to rise above his usual self, and we sincerely hope that the effort will be repeated every time that it is called for. But it is well to remember that the constituencies which have returned the London School Board are made up of the same elements as those which have returned the metropolitan Vestries. What is the warrant for feeling certain that the Vestry element will have no part nor lot in future School Boards? And, so far as it has any part in them, it will job. Fancy a metropolitan Vestry with a place of 2,000*l.* a-year to give away!

Yet, notwithstanding these obvious dangers, it is more than doubtful whether the self-denying ordinance passed by the Board on Thursday will be found to work well. The reasons in its favour were stated with great force by Professor HUXLEY. He objected to the payment of a salary, chiefly on the ground that it implies a wrong conception of the Chairman's duties. He repudiated the theory that the Chairman was to be the acting representative of the Board, that the greater part of its power was to be concentrated in his hands, that he was to be acquainted

with the smallest details with which it would have to deal, and that he would have to give as much time to its business as a Secretary of State ordinarily gives to the work of his Department. The effect of this theory, he maintained, would be to reduce the members of the Board to so many registrars of the Chairman's edicts. Stated in this extreme way, there are many obvious objections to the view of the Chairman's position against which Professor HUXLEY contended. The only reason against accepting his conclusion in full is that, whatever arrangements the School Board may make, a large part of their ordinary work must be done by some permanent officer. If therefore it is not done by the Chairman, it will, in all probability, be done by the Secretary. The consequence of this will be to place the School Board in very much the position in which the Education Department was supposed to be while Mr. LINGEN was Secretary. Presidents and Vice-Presidents came and went, but through all the changing scenes of the Department's existence Mr. LINGEN was still "My Lords." We are far from saying that the interests of education suffered under this system. So able and conscientious a public servant as Mr. LINGEN could not hold great power without turning it to good account. But against this must be set the fact that the Department under his control was undoubtedly wanting in elasticity. It did not represent the feeling of the country on educational questions so much as the views of one highly qualified official—views which, if in many respects they were in advance of the country, were in others behind it. This state of things was mainly due to the fact that the Secretary, so far as the public were concerned, was in the first place irresponsible and unapproachable, and in the second place irremovable. There is no reason to believe that these characteristics may not be equally possessed by the Secretary of the London School Board. If he is fit for the post, he will very soon know more about the work than all the rest of the School Board put together; and they will be obliged, in self-defence, to rely upon him in all those administrative decisions which will do more to determine the principles on which the education of London is to be carried on than any number of abstract resolutions. The action of the Board may be challenged in Parliament or in the newspapers, and this or that member will be deputed to offer the explanations with which he will have been supplied by the Secretary. But the inquirer will never get beyond the impalpable medium interposed between him and the real working power of the Board. Professor HUXLEY dislikes, naturally enough, the idea of having nothing to do except to register the edicts of the Chairman. He may yet find that, in avoiding this danger, he has condemned himself to the still less satisfactory employment of registering the edicts of the Secretary. This is the more likely because the Secretary, if the first choice of the Board is a good one, will practically hold his office for life. It will be impossible for the next School Board that is elected to deny themselves the use of the stores of traditional knowledge and administrative experience which the Secretary to the old Board will have to offer them. A Chairman will have to be re-elected every three years, and if his constituents are dissatisfied with the way in which he has exercised his powers, the remedy will be in their own hands. But supposing any dissatisfaction is felt with the way in which the School Board, acting under the guidance of their Secretary, have exercised their powers, this remedy will be inoperative. The composition of the School Board may be changed, and not one of the former members may be re-elected. But the real motive power of the Board's proceedings will remain the same, and the new brooms in the old hands will be found to sweep in very much the old fashion. Of course, if the public out of doors understands the part which the Secretary plays in the action of the School Board, they may raise a cry for his dismissal. But as a rule the fact will not be known, perhaps not even suspected; and even if it is known no Board will like to sacrifice a valuable servant, when the sacrifice involves the confession that he has made himself in effect their master.

It must be admitted, however, that this prophecy has no immediate chance of being fulfilled. So long as Lord LAWRENCE holds the office of Chairman, he is pretty certain to take the principal share in the business of the School Board. His love of work, his experience of government, and his command of leisure, all tell in favour of this belief. But though the fulfilment is postponed, it is only postponed. Who can be sure that all future Chairmen will unite the same high qualities with the same power of giving their whole time to the work without any return for their labour? The tendency of every unpaid office is to become simply ornamental. Under the most favourable circumstances, it is given, not to the man

who is best qualified to fill it, but to the best qualified man who can afford to hold it without remuneration. In this instance the two conditions meet in the same person. The choice of the electors has fallen upon the right man for the office, since it is to be honorary; and, by a fortunate coincidence, Lord LAWRENCE would have been equally the right man for the office if it had been paid. The only two disqualifications that have been urged against him are, first, that he is not a member of the House of Commons, and, secondly, that he has been accustomed to govern Hindoos. There is no reason for the Chairman of the Metropolitan School Board being in the House of Commons which would not equally apply to the Lord Mayor of London. It is undoubtedly an advantage that he should be a man of good social position, and as far as being a member of Parliament implies this, it constitutes a recommendation. But this is secured in at least an equal degree by his being a peer, and the statements which it may occasionally be convenient for the Chairman to make to the Legislature will be as well made in one House as in the other. Considering that the business of the country can be carried on with a large proportion of the Cabinet Ministers in the House of Lords, the work of educating the poor children of London may not be materially impeded because the Chairman of the School Board is the victim of the same disadvantage. That Lord LAWRENCE has learned the art of governing men under different conditions from those under which that art is practised in England, may be set down as an argument in his favour. We heartily wish that some of the conditions of the Indian Civil Service could be naturalized in this country. The only candidate who had any real title to come into competition with Lord LAWRENCE was Professor HUXLEY; and to him there were, in our judgment, two fatal objections—that he has other occupations which would not have left him time for the work, and that his interpretation of the Clause of the Act which is most likely to furnish matter for dispute within the Board itself is inconsistent with the intentions of the Legislature.

KING AMADEUS.

IT is said that, while the King of ITALY was extremely anxious that his second son should be placed on the throne of Spain, many Italian statesmen consider the acceptance of the offer imprudent. VICTOR EMMANUEL may feel a natural satisfaction in the elevation of his family, in a single generation, from the rank of third-rate princes to the double royalty of Italy and of Spain. It is difficult to understand the danger which is apprehended by cautious politicians. If King AMADEUS can maintain his position there is no probability that Italy will be entangled in any political difficulties by Spain; and even if he becomes the victim of a revolution the loss will fall entirely on himself. The tragic fate of MAXIMILIAN in Mexico produced no political result in Austria, nor did the BOURBON Queen of SPAIN interfere to protect her Neapolitan cousin from the loss of his kingdom. If the King of ITALY's gratification is not entirely caused by personal feelings, he may justly regard the election of his son by the Spanish Cortes as a proof of the innocuous character of the POPE's denunciations. If Spain is not Catholic, there is no orthodox country in Europe; yet the fact that the House of SAVOY is obnoxious to the Holy See was never seriously regarded as an objection to the choice of the Italian candidate. A Catholic King may well afford to despise the spiritual wrath of a Pontiff who relies openly on the apocryphal promises of the Protestant King of PRUSSIA, and who is strongly suspected of intriguing with the schismatic Emperor of RUSSIA. Prudent Spanish statesmen would not, immediately after the occupation of Rome, have proposed the election of an Italian prince unless they had known that their countrymen were profoundly indifferent to the fate of the Temporal Power. The majority indeed of the clergy, in Spain as in Italy, continue to prefer their spiritual allegiance to considerations of worldly patriotism; but the majority of the Cortes and their leaders appear to have no fear that the priests will exercise any serious influence on the population. It would seem that the most bigoted and superstitious communities are most easily weaned from the habit of deference to sacerdotal authority. The Romish hierarchy possesses more political power in France than in Spain, or Portugal, or Austria.

Both in Italy and in Spain the popular imagination pleases itself with the supposed acquisition of a new security for the alliance of the Latin race. The recognition of a national bond of kindred among those who speak languages derived from a common origin is a curious instance of the rapid diffusion of

literary theories. A few years ago it would never have occurred to an Italian that he was more nearly connected with a Spaniard than with any other foreigner; but the truisms of ethnology seem to be peculiarly adapted to the vulgar apprehension; and although Spaniards still dislike Frenchmen, they take an interest in Italians on the ground that, although those who speak the two languages are mutually unintelligible, many of the words are identical in spelling, if not in sound. The theory of races first passed out of the region of speculation when NAPOLEON III. announced that the Mexicans were a Latin race whom it was his business to protect against the Anglo-Teutons of the United States. The great and alarming successes of the German armies have reminded the inhabitants of Southern Europe that they are connected among themselves by a natural bond of union. King AMADEUS will speak, in Spain as in Italy, a dialect of Latin. It is remembered that one of the least incapable Kings of Spain had previously reigned in Naples, and that Naples itself at an earlier period formed a part of the Spanish monarchy. A Correspondent of the *Morning Post* has appropriately cited the clause in the Treaty of Utrecht which entails the Spanish Crown, on failure of issue of PHILIP V., on the Duke of Savoy and his descendants. Although the throne has been vacated by forfeiture, and not by the extinction of the BOURBON family, the new King may perhaps deduce the shadow of an historical title from an almost forgotten treaty. The festivities and ceremonies which welcomed the deputation of the Cortes at Florence must have reminded the spectators of customs which are becoming obsolete. In one case the young King, by accident or design, afforded an odd satisfaction to the exigencies of Spanish etiquette. At a State performance at the theatre a throne was placed for the King of SPAIN in the midst of the seats allotted to the deputation of the Cortes. A Northern barbarian would have presumed that the seat was meant to be sat upon, but when the throne remained vacant throughout the performance the Spanish visitors openly expressed their pleasure and approval. In the presence of his father King AMADEUS would have occupied only the second place in the assembly; and it was not fit that a King of Spain should at any time recognise a superior. If the sentiment was genuine, it descends from the traditional days when the Cid RUY DIAZ in the ballad incurred, like VICTOR EMMANUEL, the greater excommunication, by kicking over the POPE's ivory chair and placing the seat of his own Sovereign in the highest place. The incident, however trivial and childish it may seem, perhaps indicates that the Spaniards still retain some of the illusions which rendered a monarchy in some respects a more convenient form of government than a Republic. Theorists have often ridiculed the anomaly of first setting up a King and then obeying him as a lawful ruler; but the nation is fortunate which respects its own unity and greatness as it is personified in a King. It took ISABELLA II. many years of vice and folly to convince her subjects that she was responsible for the misgovernment of the country. It would be a happy thing for France, when it has time to reconstitute a government, if there were any national chief whose presence or absence during a public ceremonial would be considered worthy of notice. The deputation included some of the gravest and ablest members of the Cortes, and Señor ZORRILLA, the President, at its head. No man in Spain would be less likely to attach unreasonable importance to forms, or to expect that the mere arrival of a King on Spanish soil would remove the evils which afflict the country.

At a farewell banquet given to celebrate the departure of the deputation for Italy, Señor ZORRILLA delivered a speech on the wants of Spain, which, although it seems to have given offence, was certainly not marked by any want of earnestness. He attributed the past misfortunes and misgovernment of the country to the laxity of public and private morality among public functionaries, and all who discharged any political function. More especially he complained of the indifference of Spanish journalists to principle and to truth; and there is little doubt that his strictures were well deserved. It is easy to be critical and censorious, but the PRESIDENT of the Cortes spoke not like a satirist or a preacher, but with an apparently genuine desire to effect practical improvement. It is but a commonplace proposition that in public and in private a man ought to be sincere, conscientious, and upright; but when an experienced statesman in high position thinks the lesson necessary, it may probably be useful. Spanish audiences are accustomed to be addressed in an entirely different tone; and the conviction of their own merits which has been impressed on their minds by flattering orators has not produced a wholesome result. It is true that the condi-

tion of Spain since the Revolution of 1868 has been on the whole creditable to the people and the Government. There have been no military revolts, and the petty insurrections attempted by the Republicans and Carlists have been easily suppressed. Señor CASTELLAR and other opponents of the Government have found no difficulty in proving that the Ministers have in their maintenance of public order sometimes violated the letter of the Constitution; but the fault lay rather with the authors of the document than with the Government which had to protect the peace of the country. Constitutions in Spain, as in other Continental countries, have a tendency to fail in working and in wearing. The law which prohibits the exercise of irregular vigour in all cases is only applicable to communities which habitually abstain from conspiracy and rebellion. The Ministers of the Regency have been strong enough and honest enough to dispense with the use of severe measures after victory, and they have made no attempt to interfere permanently with constitutional liberty. It would have been on their part a suicidal policy to usurp the powers of the Cortes, who have afforded them steady support.

King AMADEUS gives a proof of sound judgment by entering Spain attended only by his family. Any Italian adviser would have excited natural jealousy, and perhaps even an Italian Ambassador may be regarded with suspicion, if he shows an inclination to meddle with domestic politics. The new KING will necessarily be for some time dependent on his Ministers, and more especially on the powerful patron to whom he owes his elevation. Marshal PRIM, who has already, in spite of various shortcomings, deserved well of his country, will acquire a further claim to the gratitude of Spain if he succeeds in training the young KING into a man of business and a statesman. It will not be disagreeable to Spanish feelings to know that King AMADEUS is a soldier who has seen actual service; but in modern times the military propensities of Kings for the most part require rather to be checked than encouraged. Marshal SERRANO, who has with singular self-denial almost effaced himself during his tenure of the office of Regent, will probably take the opportunity of retiring from public employment. His career, if not blameless, has on the whole been useful to his country. Once a Minister and favourite of Queen ISABELLA, he only headed an insurrection when the scandals of her Court, and the corruption and violence of her administration, had become utterly intolerable. Having commanded in the only battle of the brief civil war, he has since used his influence in favour of moderation and order. His popularity with the army and the Cortes would perhaps have enabled him to become the successful rival of PRIM; but he thought it better to co-operate with his younger and more vigorous competitor than to engage in intrigues for the possession of supreme power. As a Regent he has done something to prepare the way for a Constitutional King whose main duty is to be dispassionate and impartial. It remains to be seen whether the Republicans will accept their disappointment and defeat. The indisposition of political minorities to submit is the most fatal impediment to freedom.

THOSE DREADFUL FRENCH!

THERE is no call upon outsiders to take any direct part in the controversy which has been raging in the *Pall Mall Gazette* between "W. R. G." and Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON. The two combatants are very well able to take care of themselves, and they may be left to settle what is the proper meaning of war à outrance, and whether the French or the Germans have shown themselves best able to understand and interpret it. But "W. R. G.'s" letter of the 12th of December is not merely argumentative and personal. It is also, at least in part, dogmatic and general. "W. R. G." undertakes to define wherein the special guilt of the French in prolonging the war consists. He is evidently aware of the novelty of his definition, though his modesty will not allow him to say more of it than that "there is another point, and a somewhat peculiar one, which has scarcely yet received the attention it deserves." A less adequate description of the body of doctrine introduced by this unassuming sentence could hardly be framed. The "point" is not "somewhat peculiar," but altogether strange to human thought. There is really nothing with which it can be compared. If it has not yet "received the attention it deserves," it is because no one until Tuesday last dreamed of the treasure which lay buried in the brain of "W. R. G." The position to which we have rendered this candid tribute of admiration is this:—The war now waged by the French shocks every sentiment of equity, because it tends to cheat the conquerors out of the just fruits of their victory.

This thesis is worked out by "W. R. G." with great minuteness. The French nation, he says, has been utterly overthrown. "All its armies have been beaten, its fortresses taken, and nearly the whole of its regular troops have been made prisoners." Yet still France refuses to sue for peace. She "either lies passive in sullen inaction, or adopts a system of harassing and desultory warfare." Though her sword has been knocked out of her hand, she goes on fighting with her fists. Instead of humbling herself under the mighty German hand, she struggles to escape from the grasp. And yet these Germans ask nothing unreasonable, nothing which they have not "on every principle an irrefragable right to demand." Their cause "was undeniably just"; their victory "has been extraordinarily complete"; their desire to return home "is most earnest." Yet all these virtues do not make them proud or exacting. They want what is fairly their own, and nothing more—"a sum of money which shall pay the expenses of the war, and the concession of such a fortified and defensible frontier as shall secure them against the renewal of the attack." Here it is that the special and distinctive wickedness of the French character comes into play. "It is upon the cards," says "W. R. G.," that this pertinacity of the vanquished assailants may deprive the victors of both "these hard won and richly deserved prizes."

"W. R. G." then proceeds to show why this is upon the cards, and it must be confessed that he does so very intelligibly. The strength of the French position has never been brought out more clearly than in this letter. He pictures to himself the Germans already in Paris, and he sees that "the very completeness of the victory may constitute the impossibility of the situation." He grows quite angry at the thought of the nest of troubles the Germans will have upon their hands. "How," he asks in a sort of indignant despair, "can the Germans administer a city of two millions of inhabitants, a city of enemies, a city not accustomed to 'manage, or govern, or provide for itself?' Of course, if the French saw the matter in the proper light, they would strive to get over these difficulties, and to make things pleasant for their conquerors. But this is merely to say that if their characters were different their conduct would be different. 'W. R. G.' does not affect to hope that, being what they are, they will do anything to help the Germans out of their dilemma. On the contrary, he admits that 'the mayors and the municipal councils cannot be expected to act under their foreign masters or to do their work for them.' If it were not for the wickedness inherent in the French nation, they would no doubt be glad of the opportunity of self-improvement; they would subordinate any mere sentimental patriotism to the determination to learn all they could from such admirable teachers. They would make administrative and educational hay while the German sun shone. As it is, they will 'probably resign in a body,' and, though in itself this would be no misfortune in 'W. R. G.'s eyes, yet it is a misfortune in the peculiar circumstances of the case, because he does not see how the Prussian administrators can adequately replace them"—adequately, that is, for the protection and promotion of German interests. Consider too, he goes on, the case of the 350,000 soldiers who will become prisoners of war. Have the French ever thought of the difficulties they impose upon the Germans by weighting them with this tremendous additional burden? "How can they be guarded and rendered innocuous in the very heart of their own country, or how can they be sent into Germany under escort without perilously weakening the army of occupation?"

Even supposing that all these difficulties are surmounted, somehow the Germans will still be a long way from the end of their troubles. They wish to go home, but they do not wish "to go home" *re infecta*. They want their war indemnity, and they want their rectified frontier, and "how are they to obtain either?" In the present humour of the French, a simple armed occupation of Alsace and Lorraine means a chronic state of war, whereas what the Germans pine for is "a speedy, settled, and enduring peace." It is the thought of the war indemnity of a hundred millions, however, that drives "W. R. G." to absolute despair. If the French refuse to pay the Germans, the Germans, he maintains, cannot make them pay. They may have recourse to pillage, but pillage will not do the work. "A nation's money is 'not much of it in a portable form—in gold, or silver, or precious stones.' Probably, all they could lay hands on in this way—all the bullion in store in Paris, aided by all the cash requisitions that could be levied upon all the towns occupied by the Prussians, whether in jewels or coin, would 'not reach fifty millions.' It may seem rash after the experience of Frankfurt and Rouen to fix the maximum that could be

extracted from France by Prussian requisitions at so low a sum, but "W. R. G." is no doubt right in being prepared for the worst. If, therefore, his calculations are right, the effect of the French resistance may be that the Germans will have to go home poorer by fifty millions than they ought to be. His complaint against the French is that they show a culpable disregard of this fact, that they will not give their obstinate pertinacity its true name, that they will not realize that it is nothing short of a deliberate withholding from their conquerors of a moiety of the wages justly due to them for their unparalleled exertions in overrunning the country and investing Paris—that, in plain words, it is so much sheer robbery. If the French would but see themselves as "W. R. G." sees them, they would convert the flocks and herds which, as he sorrowfully says, "cannot be carried off," their works of art, which "would not defray a Prussian Budget," into a portable form, and make them over to the German commanders without further delay. By thus acting, they would give up at least one "illegitimate advantage," and in ceasing to "baffle the victors" would cease at the same time to shock "W. R. G.'s" sentiment of equity."

If any of our readers have not read "W. R. G.'s" earlier comments on the war, they will be inclined to accuse us of exceptional dulness in not recognising the irony of this letter. We can assure them, however, that there is a sufficient unity running through all his writings on this question to justify us in thinking that this extraordinary charge is made in serious earnest. And yet it seems almost incredible that a man of "W. R. G.'s" acumen should not see that his whole argument is in effect an admission that the French are not yet as utterly vanquished as he assumes them to be. It is all the more strange because he admits in an earlier part of his letter that if the French "believe or have any rational hopes that 'they can yet baffle the invader and drive him by any means from their soil, they have a fair right to try.'" What is all the rest of his letter but a heaping up of arguments to show that the "system of harassing and desultory warfare" now resorted to by the French "may go far to baffle the victors," and send them home with their work only half done. If the Germans are "pining for a 'speedy, settled, and enduring peace,' it may be a solid gain for France to make them see that the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine "involves an indefinite prolongation of the war." It may help to sicken them of a policy which brings with it so great a burden, and in this way it may in the end result in a reduction of the German demands. Considering that Frenchmen will have to live and pay taxes after the war is over, even a resistance which reduces the indemnity by half is not without its advantage to the nation. It is to be hoped that "W. R. G." will show at some future time in what sense a nation which has still a chance of depriving its invaders of the two "hard won and richly deserved prizes" for which alone they are fighting—a sum of money and a "rectified frontier"—can be described as an utterly vanquished offender. The proof of conquest is the ability of the conqueror to work his will upon the conquered. The French will be utterly beaten when the Germans are able to go home with a slice of French territory and sufficient portable French property to pay the cost of the war. So long as the French can baffle this design, "W. R. G.'s" description of their condition expresses a wish rather than a fact.

THE WAR OF 1870.

XXII.

IT has been a very natural reflection among German writers, during that crisis of the campaign which we last week traced, that has led them to point with some pride to the prescience shown at Versailles when the negotiation with M. THIERS for an armistice was absolutely broken off on the question of revictualling Paris. The *North German Correspondent* has gone so far as plainly to admit that the signature of such terms then would inevitably have led to the raising of the siege a month later, when D'AURELLE's whole army was ready to take the field. We are quite convinced of the truth of this opinion; and, being so, we are led further to inquire whether, without asking terms which there was no hope of obtaining, the French Government did not make a remarkable diplomatic blunder in not accepting those which were tendered by the KING and his advisers—tendered, as we now plainly see, under the mistaken idea that there was no prospect of an efficient force being formed for the relief of the capital from any quarter of France.

On the 6th of November the section of the Provisional

Government within Paris appear to have taken the final resolve not to accept the armistice without leave to revictual the city regularly throughout the twenty-five days offered them. Let us suppose that on that day the contrary resolution had been adopted, and the armistice concluded—as it might have been—on the following morning. It was fully understood (our assertion may be proved by the German admission) that its terms would have precluded any reinforcement of the army before Paris, which indeed was then thought to be amply sufficient for its object. Now at that time Prince FREDERIC CHARLES, and the 60,000 or 70,000 men he moved from Metz, were no further advanced than the district between Nancy and Brienne, which lies east of the Aube, and, as since has been shown by practical proof, were a good twelve days' march from the country to the north of Orleans. There he would have been arrested in his movements by orders to keep the truce, and for the convenience of supply his rear would probably have been drawn back towards Nancy, and his other troops more or less dispersed. At any rate, when the armistice ended on the 2nd December, he could certainly not have been reckoned on as coming into connexion with the operations due south of Paris before last Wednesday, the 14th.

At Paris the investing army would have remained stationary, and by purchases made for the time, and with the aid of the Nancy railroad, already open up to Eprenay, there is no reason to believe that it could not have subsisted without requisitions. On the other hand, this railroad, for that very reason, would not have been available for the transmission of warlike stores, even had the terms of the armistice allowed of its being so used. In this respect, therefore, events would have gone in favour of the subsequent resistance of Paris, whilst the people enclosed there would not have been one whit worse off at the end of the twenty-five days than they actually now have been.

MANTEUFFEL could not of course have got beyond the Meuse on his way to the North of France. La Fère, Thionville, and Montmédy would have remained untaken, since neither of them have been affected in their resistance by starvation. Neu Brisach would also have been left in French hands, and so SCHMELING's division would have been detained a whole month at the least in the proposed advance upon the more important point of Belfort. The French Army of the North would have had the advantage of another month's training, and would not have been attacked under a chance commander during the unlucky interval which occurred between BOURBAKI's leaving it and FAIDHERBE's arrival. Here also matters might have improved on the French side, and nothing could have been lost to it by the delay.

But by far the most important point to regard is the effect that would have been produced on the Army of the Loire and its opponents. Here VON DER TANN would have remained in possession of Orleans, and the country between the northern bend of the Loire at that city and Paris would have rested in German occupation. If uneasy about his position, as he certainly was when he knew on the 8th of November that the armistice was not to be, that general might have been supported by the Mecklenburg Corps, which had been got ready for that purpose; but there is no reason to believe that VON MOLTKE, except under direct pressure, would have spared any more troops from his own circle than these and the cavalry. Meanwhile the French, occupying undisturbed the whole Centre and South of France behind their lines, and free to do what they chose beyond the line of the Loire, might have concentrated all the late army of D'AURELLE certainly, except perhaps CREUZOT's corps, within a day's march of Orleans, ready for an advance. The strong point in that commander's character is beyond doubt his power of enforcing the discipline so vastly lacking in the French army, young and old; and in this respect the delay and doubt occasioned by the armistice would have been all in his favour, as it would also have aided in the completion of his cavalry and artillery. Hence he might have taken up his campaign from the 3rd of December, as he did from the 8th of November, only with increased advantage on his own side, and with nearly a clear fortnight to work in before the Prince could get up. It may be said indeed that he had a fortnight, and lost it; but it must be remembered that he began operations in November hastily with but two of six corps, and had afterwards to wait for the rest. Moreover the Breton levies would have been ready about the present time to operate from the West in force, whereas they proved quite unfit to do so when brought up hurriedly in fragments on the news of his first success in November. Nor can we see how the revictualing of Paris would have affected the question at all. The whole state of things would have been in every detail untouched by

it, since there was, at any rate, plenty of food for this critical period. If, therefore, the German armies would have been compelled to raise the siege in December at all, after an armistice, they would have been compelled to raise it whether Paris were revictualled or not.

Having said thus much on what will be allowed to be fair premises, for our deduction follows the statements of the best-informed German writers, it is necessary merely to add that in a military sense the offer of the armistice was clearly a blunder on the side of the Prussian Staff, and as clearly was the consequence of the very natural mistake of underrating the resources of their enemy. The French had at that time been hitherto everywhere beaten, and the French were therefore supposed to be incapable of again showing any head at all in the field.

If this be correct, and if the present German view of what occurred in November be not wholly erroneous, much more surely does it follow that the surrender of Metz—if any possible management could have delayed its fall—was a fatal and crushing error. A month's more detention of the six German corps that lay before it would have intensified every condition shown as favourable to the French in the time to be gained by the armistice which they refused, and would, at any rate for a brief space, have enabled them, with the resuscitated military power displayed on the Loire, to turn the campaign against the invaders. It is almost a truism to repeat it now; but BAZAINE—though doubtless he knew it not—surrendered just in the nick of time for the Germans. With TROCHU's force inside, two armies gathering outside for the relief of Paris, and no troops to spare, VON MOLTKE would probably have found himself engaged in a task beyond even the great means he wielded and the mental powers which he brings to their disposal. BAZAINE was perhaps as wise as the rest of the world, but he certainly despaired of France too soon.

To pass to the events of the week. We were too hasty in announcing at the close of our last number that BOURBAKI was appointed again to the command of the Army of the North. The new First French Army, it seems, wrongly described in the Tours telegram, which misled us, as "of the North," is no other than the right wing of the late Army of the Loire, which had retreated by various roads on the district near the Upper Loire between Nevers and Bourges, and comprises probably the Eighteenth, Nineteenth, and Twentieth Corps. The Prince-Marshal followed it with his Third Corps and part of his cavalry; but beyond some trifling rear-guard actions with one column of French near Gien and another party at Vierzon, there is nothing to record from this side, whither GAMBETTA has hurried to try to inspire its leaders and men with some of the energy shown by his new Second Army under CHANZY.

This—the left wing of D'AURELLE's late force, including the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Corps—fell back westward along the Loire, but only a few miles, made a bold front when followed by the Prince's right under the Duke of MECKLENBURG, and actually held the recently victorious enemy in check for four days in the wooded district between Meung and Marchenoir, from which D'AURELLE made his first opening of the Loire campaign. CHANZY even took the offensive at the close on the 9th and 10th. He has been finally dislodged by the advance of the Ninth Corps along the other bank of the Loire, which threatened to cross at Blois and come in upon his rear. The report of his retreat from this town on Tours, and the removal of the seat of Government from the latter place to Bordeaux, have produced a general panic in the valley of the Loire, with its usual accompaniment of uncertainty of information. All that is known distinctly is that the Prussians are showing themselves at various points to the east and north of Tours, and that reinforcements are being hurried up to enable CHANZY and BOURBAKI to hold them back. VON DER TANN's Bavarians have suffered so severely of late that they have been sent back after their engagements to recruit at Orleans, whilst the Tenth Corps has left that city to support the Duke of MECKLENBURG. The last account speaks of skirmishes both in this direction and that of Vierzon, but it is too vague to be worth more than the slightest mention.

In the North MANTEUFFEL has hitherto contented himself with mere demonstrations towards Havre and Abbeville, and may be supposed therefore to be directing his operations towards the north-west corner of Normandy, so as to seize Cherbourg. This, at least, has been the belief of the Tours Government, which in consequence has directed General BRIAUD (or BRIANT) to proceed to that port by sea from Havre

with all available reinforcements—an order so openly resisted by the local authorities of the great commercial city that the General seems to have carried off but few of the regular troops with him.

General FAIDHERBE, on assuming the command at Lille, has resolved to try whether the unfortunate Army of the North cannot be made more serviceable in offensive operations than it has hitherto been in defence. He has advanced suddenly southward, surprised a considerable German post at Ham, and thrown himself into the country of the Oise near La Fère, in a direction calculated to give Count von MOLTKE some uneasiness for the invaluable line of railroad through Epernay. On the other hand, the German communications have been strengthened by the surrender, after four months' blockade, of Phalsburg and its enduring garrison, and by the capture of Montmédy, which has been taken without difficulty by KAMEKE and his Fourteenth Division, the same that ZASEROW lately employed to force Thionville to surrender.

GOOD WORDS.

A GOOD title is so important a point in a book that one may almost call a really successful hit half the battle. Perhaps no periodical has owed more of its success to its title than *Good Words*. The very sound has proved a guarantee, sustained as it is by an august array of divines and statesmen whose high names are, if possible, a more important element of support than even their voluminous contributions. A popular periodical which boasts of bishops, deans, canons, and a Prime Minister among its writers must be edifying reading alike for the drawing-room, the study, and the cottage. A simple artisan once deviated from his ordinary course of punctual Sunday observances on the ground that a doctor of divinity was going to preach at a distant church. "I have," said he, "heard vicars and rectors and masters of arts, but I never heard a doctor of divinity." Now was the time for him to imbibe a sort of essence of theology. Such an essence surely impregnates *Good Words*, imparting to every word a certain flavour of sanctity. So Dr. Macleod, its editor, seems to believe. His aim during the forthcoming year is to maintain "the special tone and spirit by which it has been all along characterized":—

The public [he says in his address] already knows that *Good Words* does not strive after the imposing qualities of sensation and excitement—to ignobly interest or frivolously amuse—but seeks rather to provide the wisest instruction in the pleasantest manner.

Yet because no amount of good words by the most distinguished divines will assure them the sale which is alike the aspiration of author and publisher, a sale to be counted by tens of thousands, a certain plumage must be added—wings, as it were, to set the weight in motion. When Dean Prideaux took his *Connections of the Old and New Testament* to the bookseller, the latter told him it was a dry subject, and the printing could not fairly be ventured upon unless he would enliven it with a little humour. The argument has not yet lost its force. Familiarize divinity as you may, take the saints in hand in modern fashion, pick holes in Titus's coat with Dean Alford, or prove with him that Aquila played second fiddle to his wife Priscilla, there is still an inherent dryness in the study, however divested of its solidity, which needs enlivening; only nowadays we enliven, not with humour, but with fiction. You can take a horse to the water, but you can't make him drink. You may supply young people with any amount of sermonettes, criticisms of Scripture characters, and desultory scraps of useful information, but you can't make them welcome *Good Words*, and look out for its arrival, unless there be a story or two in progress full of scene, incident, and fashionable life. And how doubly welcome a story of this exciting character that comes with the sanction of the highest names—a story between two bishops, with Micahiah, the Son of Imla, by the (late) Bishop of Oxford, on the one hand, and the Fall of Jerusalem, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the other. With two such chaperons mamma can't suspect any harm, and mistress sends it with all security into the kitchen.

All sorts of illusions hang about bookmaking, alike around writers and readers. If a periodical sells twenty or fifty thousand copies, every contributor naturally supposes himself in some considerable degree the cause of the success. The divines who are paraded with such flourish of trumpets are encouraged by editor and publisher to suppose themselves in a body the great cause, and probably ignore the story altogether. That is the editor's affair. They are making good things popular, and turning an honest penny at the same time, which is really a very comforting consideration. On the other hand, *Good Words*, not laying itself out for strictly literary folks, but for anybody who can be interested by reading, is likely to be a centre of the illusions we speak of. Now amongst such readers we believe that an absolute ignorance of how books are made would be found to be the rule. There are people who suppose, without any wonder or difficulty, that the editor of a periodical writes all the articles himself. There are thousands who make sure that the great men who write the articles they do not read in *Good Words* approve of every word in the number—that, for example, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Winchester, and Mr. Gladstone know of that kiss in church while papa is asleep in the squire's pew,

and give it their cordial sanction. Now of course the ignorance we speak of does not prevent young ladies from knowing perfectly well that ordinary heroines do a great many things which they must not think of doing; and if they are of a reasoning turn of mind they will gather that the writer who conceives the character which they dare not approve betrays a low morality, or an ignorance of good manners and social proprieties. He comes to them with no more authority than his work wins for him. But if "Good Words" means anything, it implies a test. What is offered to the public has passed an ordeal and received an imprimatur. The conduct of a heroine who is there put forward as innocent and right-minded, whose impulses, words, and actions are designed to interest the reader, and are recorded without a word of blame—for the "spice of coquetry" incurs none, but is treated simply as a girlish fascination—is surely something that may be imitated. Such a heroine has, so to say, a moral pass. *Good Words* seems to answer for her. She so far stands as an example that young people cannot be far wrong in following her steps. And what does this young lady do and allow to be done? She has strolled, with her father and an interesting young man whom she has known a week, into a village church. The young man is a musician; he sits down to play the organ; she stands by, while her father drops off to sleep in the squire's pew. At once the young man assumes the tone of a lover, and declares his passion through the double medium of the *vox humana* stop and a torrent of words. She looks frightened—not at the impropriety of such a declaration in such a place, but lest her father should hear. But no, "he sleeps the sleep of the just"—and in another page or two we come upon this state of things:—

His arm was round her waist now, but he was still sitting, she still standing, the envious curtain-rail still between them. He drew her nearer, but still not near enough. He laid his head back against the curtain-rail, but also against her bosom; for she was half bending over it. He looked up into her face with those deep, dark, passionate eyes that were his only personal beauty. "If it be true," he said, "if it is not all a dream—kiss me."

And she does kiss him. We apologize to our readers. This is not the sort of thing they can approve; but there it is, unquestioned, in *Good Words* (page 164, 1869). And, oddly enough—the coincidence is noted by the author—this young lady, being jilted by her musical lover, goes through the same sort of scene in another church, whither she has repaired in grief and despair to see the wedding of the faithless one, with another lover:—

By the time that he had got thus far, Archie, not without some amazement at his own temerity, fairly put his arm round Miss Alleyne's waist. At this she rose hurriedly, protesting they should be locked up in church if they sat there any longer. . . . The Fates apparently had ordained that this young lady should be wooed—and won—in church.

Even the Order to which *Good Words* owes so much is here treated with flippancy. Young readers are taught to think slightly at once of the office and the social status of clergymen. The neat legs of the higher clergy have a disrespectful notice. At the rich vulgar merchant's great dinners, besides a fair sprinkling of minor titles, there is the "inevitable bishop—that clerical course without which no state dinner of the period is complete." As for the clergy, they have hard names given them:—The Rev. Agag Golightly, who seems to be called Agag as a synonym for curate; the Rev. Tobias Choake—sometimes the Sainted Choake, who at the great party looks like a canonized undertaker. These witticisms may gratify the tastes of a Presbyterian editor, but what are our bishops and archbishops about to allow it? Also, we think, they might offer a gentle protest against the frequency of oaths and profane expressions, on the ground of inconsistency. There is, we allow, some reticence; but in the story we are speaking of we come upon "By Jove!" so often, and from lips so little likely to indulge in classical swearing, that we involuntarily substitute the formula with which such lips are familiar. "Confound it!" "Egad!" "Que le diable l'importe?" "What the devil!" "Damn my eye-teeth!" expressions which give frequent life and force to the dialogue, cannot be called good words in any strict sense; they look best, we should say, when they come less formally sanctioned by authority.

All this, it may be said, occurs in the volume for 1869; but as the editor only aims at "maintaining" the tone and spirit of that and previous volumes, the lapse of a few months does not remove the passages we have quoted out of the pale of protest and criticism; especially as we note the same defiance of the old feminine code of proprieties in the volume just issued as in its predecessor. Writers of fiction describe society from two points of view—from observation, or out of their inner consciousness, unassisted by experience. The novelists of *Good Words* are of both kinds. Miss Tytler in *Noblesse Oblige*, and the author of *Fernyhurst Court*, are not so much indebted to unaided fancy in their picture of polite society as the writer of *Dorothy Fox*; and this accounts for much. The distinction between what is done and what it is not physically impossible to do is wide; few imaginations know how wide. The motto of *Dorothy Fox* might be "Love will still be lord of all," and its moral certainly is that if only a girl's natural guardians are imprudent enough, and she herself pronounced enough in the expression of her preference, the most rash, daring, and incongruous flirtation may be brought to a successful issue. Let a girl only allow a man in the coolest liberties while neither he nor she entertain the thought of marrying, and he may be brought to the point. Let, for example, scenes like the following take place, the actors being a Captain in the Lanciers and a Quakeress:—

There was a pause; and then he felt a little hand laid upon his arm, and Dorothy's sweet eyes looking beseechingly into his, as she said timidly, "Say,

would it really make these more happy if I went." Who could resist it? The temptation was too strong for Charles Verschoyle, so he framed the sweet face in his hands, and said, "Dorothy, do you love me?" "Yes," said the glad eyes; "yes," said the soft mouth; and "yes" seemed to be echoed by the throbbing of her heart, &c. &c.

The journey that is to make him more happy, because it brings her near him, is to the home of the lover of her father's choice, whom she has promised to try to like. This house is kept by two grim Quaker sisters, who regard their young visitor as a very frivolous mate for their brother. She has not been there a day or two before the Captain calls, and sends up his card:—

How Dorothy managed to fly downstairs, pass the dining-room door, and get into the room where he stood waiting for her, she did not know; it seemed to her as if one minute she were reading his name and the next that she was sobbing sweet and bitter tears in his arms.

The Captain is surprised, but falls into her vein. Then follow caresses and protestations. "Yes, I love thee with all my heart," and then the lady's brief compunction which is to excuse all:—

"All this time I have been disobeying father and deceiving Josiah Crewdson."

"Josiah Crewdson! What has he to do with it?" Dorothy looked down, abashed. "Josiah wanted me to marry him, and I promised father I would try to like him, and I told Josiah the same; and now—" "Well!" "Of course, I cannot," Captain Verschoyle was silent, not because he did not love the girl, but he was suspicious. . . . Was she trying to entangle him into making her an offer of marriage?

The person really held up to obloquy in this scene is not either of the principals, but Kezia, Josiah's sister, who, in the capacity of chaperon, looks in at the window and sees "Dorothy in the embrace of a man, and he a soldier." This unwelcome vision gives Dorothy a sad qualm, but the Captain reassures her. "All right; don't fidget about that old Tabbykins, dear; whatever she accuses you of, deny it." But all this while he has no intention in the world of marrying Dolly, nor she him. We are given to believe, because it would be against "our principles." Everybody, however, comes off with flying colours except the chaperon. The fashionable young people flirt and amuse themselves, and lay themselves out to marry money and to care for nothing else; but a lover comes in the way who strikes their fancy, and then they can't help themselves, and turn good and self-denying all at once and without any trouble. Josiah Crewdson seeks an interview with the Captain, and so works upon his conscience in the matter of Dolly that he comes from it declaring himself a coward, a villain, and a scoundrel; and his uncle—an old gentleman-habitué of the clubs—is so edified by his remorse that he claps him on the back with "Give me your hand, Charlie, for I'm proud of you. The world has not spoiled you my boy." And the Captain and the Quakeress enter upon a life of arcaid simplicity and bliss.

No doubt there is what is called profitable reading in *Good Words*. The poetry, to be sure, is marked by that swiftness and incoherence, a sort of mild delirium, which is so much the fashion in our day. But there is some excellent prose description. After reading Canon Kingsley's account of Calling Crabs "made to be laughed at," it would be ungrateful not to specify his Letters from the Tropics. But since it is an acknowledged fact that novels are essential to a large circulation, to raise readers from hundreds to thousands, it follows that ten times more people read the novel than any other part of the number; and as these readers are the younger and more impressionable, more apt to receive good or harm from what they read, it follows that in a periodical making a high moral profession, the moral tone of its novels should be of paramount importance. It is because there seems to us some negligence in this respect that we have thought it worth while to call attention to the neglect.

THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

THE Burggraf of Nürnberg, Elector of Brandenburg, and King of Prussia is about to grow into an Emperor in Germany. This gradual rise is really not unlike the gradual rise, in the rival land, of the Count of Paris into the Duke of the French, and of the Duke of the French into the King. That no prince of the House of Capet ever took it into his head to call himself by the highest title of all might in these days be taken as a sign of the discretion of the princes of the House of Capet. But the truth is that, as long as words retained any meaning, it could never have come into the head of any sovereign of Paris to take to himself a title which would have been absolutely meaningless. Two Bonapartes did indeed at different times array themselves in the peacock's feathers of Empire; but in the earlier case it was part of a system of imposture which paid, while in the later case the thing was sheer imitation. And possibly in both cases there may have been some secret shrinking from clothing a novel and abnormal power, founded by an adventurer of foreign birth, with that simple title of kingship which had been lawfully handed on through so many generations of native Frenchmen. The elder Bonaparte, as all the world knows, gave himself out as the successor, perhaps more strictly as an *avatar*, of the mythical Charlemagne. The younger could only give himself out as the successor or *avatar* of his unhappily not mythical uncle. But in either case the thing paid; grotesque as the title was in itself, it served its purpose, as expressing a state of things which was felt to be, and was meant to be felt to be, something different from lawful kingship. The assumption of the Imperial title by the chief of united Germany stands on quite different grounds. It has a real historical meaning. We need not stop to show that, in strict legal precision,

there never was and never could be such a thing as an Emperor of Germany. The German King had a right, by virtue of his German election, to be crowned Roman Emperor, but he was not Emperor till he was so crowned. It should not be forgotten that all the Emperors after Charles the Fifth were in strictness only Emperors-elect, and were so called in documents which made any pretence to formal accuracy. But an "*erwählter Kaiser*," an "*Imperator electus*," easily came to be called *Kaiser* and *Imperator* without the qualifying adjective; and a Roman Emperor-elect, who was also a King of Germany, easily slipped into an Emperor of Germany, much as a King of Sardinia, who was also Prince of Piedmont, was not uncommonly called King of Piedmont, till both Piedmont and Sardinia were merged in Italy. Again, in idea the Roman Empire and the Kingdom of Germany were two distinct things. Germany was only one of three Kingdoms of which the Emperor was King. But as the Imperial claims over Burgundy and Italy became purely shadowy, as Germany became practically the Empire, as the ambiguous word *Reich* was used to denote both the Empire and the Kingdom, it was not at all wonderful that the notion of a German Empire and a German Emperor became familiar, and that those names, though they had no legal existence, were very commonly used. In one treaty of the days of the First Bonaparte we do actually find the monstrous title of "*Empereur d'Allemagne et d'Autriche*," but certainly nothing like that could be found in any Latin or German document. Still it is wonderful how early, especially in other countries, the use of the less accurate phraseology began. Such descriptions as "*Alemannorum*" or "*Teutonicorum Imperator*" are to be found in our own William of Malmesbury.

Looked at, then, as a matter of legal and historical technicality, the title of Emperor of Germany, though not strictly accurate, is not the same grotesque absurdity as an Emperor of Austria, an Emperor of Hayti, or an Emperor of the French. And again "*Kaiser in Deutschland*" is not quite the same thing as "*Kaiser von Deutschland*." This use of the preposition is the same as in the later Imperial style after Maximilian. The Emperor-elect was "*König in Germanien*" as part of his Imperial description, a delicacy which was lost in the Latin version "*Germaniæ Rex*." The difference is surely an intelligible one. The new Emperor will not be "*Emperor of Germany*," as a territorial Empire; he will be "*Emperor in Germany*," one who holds an Imperial position in Germany—a description which cannot be called inaccurate. Emperor, *Kaiser*, in the oldest and strictest sense, he cannot be, as having no connexion with the local Rome, Old or New. But, as a King of Kings, he will hold in Germany a position which is distinctly Imperial. He will be Emperor in the same kind of sense in which the Imperial titles were given to our own sovereigns from Æthelstan to Elizabeth as superior lords over several Kings and Kingdoms. There is a sense in which no one is so truly Emperor as the Grand Turk, and it is not to be forgotten that the old Sultans, knowing like other people the value of titles and traditions, actually gave themselves out as successors of the Eastern Caesars. West of the Adriatic, there is nothing to hinder the King of Italy from receiving an Imperial coronation in St. Peter's, except the possible unwillingness of the Bishop of the diocese. This last objection, however, might perhaps, as in some other cases, be got over by the creation of an Antipope. But if the King of Italy, the local Lord of Rome, were really to be crowned Emperor of the Romans, we think that every one would feel that the thing was far more of a mere dead revival of antiquity than the assumption of the Imperial title by the chief of Germany. As a matter of historical sentiment, an Emperor reigning in Italy only would not inherit the traditions of Charles and Otto and Henry and Frederick. He would at most inherit the traditions of Augustulus and Lewis the Second. And it would be the assumption of a mere title; the other is the putting of a new and real practical position into the form of a title. The establishment then—or, as we may fairly call it, the re-establishment—of the German Empire marks a stage in the restoration of Germany unity. It marks a stage in which the connexion between the several parts is closer than that of a purely Federal tie, while it is not so close as that which exists between the counties or provinces of a perfectly consolidated kingdom or commonwealth. But if it marks a connexion closer than that of a purely Federal tie, it also marks a connexion which is less free. When the hereditary sovereign of one member of the League is *ex officio* the chief of the League, it cannot be said that all the members of the League are on terms of equality. They are not equal in the sense in which Uri is the equal of Bern, and Rhode Island the equal of New York. That equality could not be said to exist if the Governor of the State of New York was *ex officio* President of the Union. And yet, after all, the formal pre-eminence assigned to Prussia is little more than putting into a formal shape the practical pre-eminence which must belong to any member of a Confederation which is so much more powerful than its fellows as Prussia is than the other German States. Still the smaller States of the Confederation are in a position which approaches to the nature of dependent allies. It merely approaches to it; the smaller States will have a voice, at all events a formal voice, in determining the policy of the League; they will not, like the allies of Rome or Athens, be simply bound to follow the policy of the leading State. Yet their position as members of a League of which the sovereign of one of its States is the permanent chief differs from the position of members of a League whose President or other chief authority may be chosen from a small State as well as from a great one. But this seems

to be the necessary result in a Federation of monarchies, where one monarchy is much more powerful than another. It would be hardly possible, in a Federation of States monarchically governed, to place the chief executive power of the League anywhere but in one of the princes of the several States. When the members were nearly equal in power, such a princely President might be elected from time to time, but where there is one prince far superior to any of the others, it is almost in the nature of things that the supreme Federal power should, if not formally, be practically, annexed to his office. In fact the other princes practically become his vassals. That relation may leave the internal government of their States as free and as liberal as that of the dominant State; but it makes them cease to be perfectly independent in international matters. There are members of a League, but of a League whose head is not freely chosen. So far as the executive power is concerned, they are dependencies.

It is whispered that the immediate cause of the restoration of the Imperial title is the pride of the smaller Kings, who, feeling themselves vassals, think it less wounding to their dignity to be the vassals of an Emperor than the vassals of a brother King. However this may be, it is a witness to the feeling that, for a King of Kings, Emperor is the proper title. It would have been far more galling for Bavaria and Wurtemberg to have been vassals of a King of Prussia than vassals of an Emperor of Germany. And the title of King of Germany would imply a direct sovereignty over the whole country which as yet does not exist, though the present movement is very likely to be a step towards it. The Imperial title, though of course not strictly accurate as applied to a prince who is not lord of either Rome, does practically express the relation between the chief of the League and its smaller members better than any other. It is to be noticed that the formal proposal for the new title comes from Bavaria, the second State of the League. One is reminded that it was Samos, and not any smaller member of the Athenian Confederacy, which proposed the removal of the treasure from Delos to Athens.

The clothing of the head of the German League with Imperial rank cannot fail to have a most important effect both in its internal and its external affairs. States which are drawn so near will probably draw nearer. Whatever their Kings may feel, the people of the smaller States will not unlikely think less of local patriotism than of the degree of dependency implied in the actual state of things. It is probable that the title of German Emperor, marking that its bearer is not the direct sovereign of all Germany, may be no unimportant step towards his becoming so. And the foundation of the restored Empire is a direct challenge to Austria and the other German States now connected with the Hungarian Crown. An Emperor of Austria will look still more strange than at present beside the Emperor in Germany, and the question will arise what kind of geography it is which rules that Vienna and Salzburg are not parts of Germany. Nay, we are not clear that the other so-called Emperor may not have occasion to look out also. A German Emperor may make claims which no mere King of Prussia ever could make on the German lands of Liefland and Esthland.

In a world where names express things, and where men are governed at least as much by names as by things, a change of title is no mere trifle. The revived German Empire is the index of great changes which have already happened; it possibly points the way to changes of equal magnitude to come.

MR. TUPPER'S READINGS.

A PRACTICE has sprung up of late years which seeks to afford gratification to the numerous school of hero-worshippers. That the sect flourishes and abounds exceedingly can be doubtful to no one who observes the signs of the times, though it is just possible that its heroes are not always such as Mr. Carlyle would recognise. If any one should say that the flame of British loyalty is waxing faint, it would be a triumphant answer to give the number of photographs of Lord Lorne that have lately appeared in shop windows. If he should doubt whether we set a just value upon our great men, he might be referred to the vast crowds who will pay their shillings to have an hour's stare at a celebrated character. This was, of course, the main secret of Mr. Dickens's extraordinary success in America. Mr. Dickens, indeed, besides being the most popular writer in the language, was a reader of remarkable dramatic power. But it may be safely assumed that even if Mr. Dickens had possessed as little skill in elocution as an ordinary country curate, his readings would have been crowded; whilst any unknown man who had possessed Mr. Dickens's skill without his reputation would have performed to comparatively empty rooms. In other words, our American cousins really paid their dollars to see a distinguished man; and on the whole we may say, perhaps, that they did well. We probably learn something of any man by looking him in the face and hearing his voice; if he possesses the faculty of utterance in any high degree we learn much. In some sense or other we are all physiognomists, and our conceptions of character become infinitely more vivid when they can be associated with a distinct visual image. Whilst admitting that the audience showed at least an excusable taste, some cynics have maintained that the great man who let himself out to be looked at was not altogether in a dignified position. If he had simply sat in a chair, and allowed the public to walk round and stare at him for so much an hour, he would be descending to the level of the giant

in a show. It is a delicate question of casuistry whether the thin affectation of giving a reading may be considered to purge the whole proceeding of this taint of indecorum. Perhaps it may remind one of the ingenious American evasion of the Maine Liquor Law, where you paid a dollar to see a blue pig, and had a drink of whisky given you for nothing. In the case we are considering the circumstances are simply reversed, and you pay for the intellectual dram in order to see for nothing a phenomenon distinctly more interesting than a blue pig. Not to split hairs upon the ethics of the proceeding, we may frankly admit that the temptation is at any rate one which a popular author can hardly be asked to resist. If people would pay handsome sums to hear him read, who can affirm that he would be sternly obdurate to so pleasant a proposal?

We have to add to these general remarks a simple statement of fact, and the conclusion will be obvious. Mr. Tupper is a great man. This we take to be a kind of primary axiom which cannot be seriously disputed. If anybody has any lingering doubts on the subject, we need only refer him to the back volumes of the *Saturday Review*. He will there find set forth, we hope in no grudging spirit, the claims of Mr. Tupper to be one of the most remarkable phenomena of the age. A gentleman who has succeeded in persuading so vast a number of readers to buy such poetry is beyond criticism; he may well be content to set down any snarls that may reach his sublime ears to the spiteful jealousy of venal journalists. This point being established, it follows that Mr. Tupper is justified in giving a public reading. The bosoms of the innumerable students of "Proverbial Philosophy" were lately thrilled by the intelligence that he had in fact consented to take this course. For ourselves, we must confess to have been overcome by a gush of pleasing emotions. The name of Tupper has so long been familiar to us that we have been half induced to consider him as an imaginary being. Great names gain a premature immortality; they are translated to a dim, though lofty, region, far above the chances of this transitory world. It savours of profanation when we first discover that they are made of ordinary flesh and blood. Thus Mr. Tupper had become a proverb in our mouths; we held him to be less a man than "a wandering voice"—a kind of typical embodiment of a certain vein of sentiment. We said "Tupper," as our more classical ancestors used to say "Bavius and Mævius," and half fancied that he had made his first appearance in a certain well-known poem of Pope's. It was therefore with a certain pang that we discovered Mr. Tupper to be a gentleman in the ordinary dress costume of the nineteenth century. We shall not describe his appearance, partly because it would be impertinent, and partly because we could hardly hope to satisfy the enthusiasm of his admirers. There was the distinguished man of whom we had heard so much, and to the spread of whose reputation we, as we flattered ourselves, had humbly contributed. It was what in the slang of the day is always called "a supreme moment," but we despair of describing our sensations. Mr. Tupper was reading, at the time of our entrance, one of those authors whose poetical efforts will be associated with his own, if not by the critics, by the chronologists of future times. As he read the vigorous rhetoric in rhyme of Macaulay's *Lay of Horatius*, it became at once evident that if we had come to hear brilliant elocution we should have been disappointed. Beyond fixing an eager gaze upon the gaslights in the roof of St. James's Hall, and mechanically waving his hand, he did not condescend to appeal to our senses by any oratorical graces. Perhaps, we thought, the poetry does not contain enough of the true fire; Macaulay's ballads have not enough of the celestial contagion to seize upon Mr. Tupper's imagination. We hoped more from the succeeding piece, which was to be taken from the works of the great performer himself. In fact he soon plunged into it with a certain additional fervour. Not being so well acquainted with the minor fragments of the great author as perhaps we ought to be, the piece declaimed was new to us; and it was highly remarkable. Mr. Tupper declared his earnest wish—we are quoting more or less from memory—that he was riding on a gallant steed, through some prairie strange and wide, with a leash of savage mastiffs careered by his side. The number and variety of the animals whom he encountered in imagination, and bowled over right and left by a series of successful shots whilst riding at full gallop, was something truly surprising; and English sportsmen would be grateful for a more precise indication of the geography of the district. However, Mr. Tupper ultimately said his prayers with considerable unction, and calmly sank to rest beneath some palm-tree's (we do not pledge ourselves to the particular tree) spreading root, with his leash of savage mastiffs all slumbering at his foot. But Mr. Tupper speedily became aware that a gigantic grisly bear was rushing at him open-mouthed. He was equal to the occasion. After discharging his rifle into the animal's body, which rather liked it, he drew his deadly knife and pierced the grisly's bosom, thus finishing its life. He then called in the leash of savage mastiffs, which had not unnaturally looked on in blank astonishment at the conflict; and summoned them with a loud shout of "Ha! ha! my gallant hounds!" to drink the bear's smoking blood. If we remember rightly, he became so excited as to wash his hands in the same fluid himself. At any rate the bear was satisfactorily disposed of, and Mr. Tupper returned once more to St. James's Hall. Nobody, we will venture to say, shared Mr. Tupper's wish that he might be encountering grisly bears in the company of savage mastiffs. They might have doubted of the result; but perhaps the thought crossed the minds of one or two

of his audience that even a savage prairie may sometimes be more amusing than the regions about Piccadilly and Regent Street.

For reasons which nothing would induce us to reveal, we thought it expedient to retire before we had heard a passage from the *Proverbial Philosophy* itself dropping from the lips of its great author. Kind persons may believe that, after we had satisfied ourselves that Mr. Tupper was not designed by nature for a professorship of elocution, we did not wish to hear the words of wisdom mangled by imperfect utterance; or perhaps the leash of savage mastiffs had been rather too much for us. Beautiful as the poetry may have been, it sounded a little inappropriate in the mouth of an elderly gentleman in evening dress; or perhaps, having secured a well-defined picture of the great man, we did not wish to disturb it by new association. Reasons may be found as plentiful as blackberries; and we do not care to indicate which were predominant at the moment. At any rate we retired, meditating, amongst other things, on one curious problem. The hall was not filled by any large number of enthusiastic disciples; and we were partially disappointed in the hope of investigating the personal peculiarities of Tupper-worshippers. We can only say that those whom we saw appeared to resemble strongly the ordinary human being, and in particular that they had all the outward signs of sanity. Still there was the singular phenomenon that some two or three hundred people with immortal souls had left their homes on a snowy night in December to sit in a large room and listen to a gentleman composedly reading verses about leashes of savage mastiffs and fragments from the *Proverbial Philosophy*. Foreigners find English Sundays dull. It is, or used to be, retorted that Englishmen cared little for public amusements because they enjoyed so much the pleasures of the domestic hearth. What, then, must the domestic hearth of those persons resemble who find it a pleasant relief to hear Mr. Tupper reading his own poetry? The imagination shrinks from the abyss of dreariness so revealed. If a man may be known by his pleasures, what kind of person is that who finds pleasure in such an entertainment, and is apparently under the impression that he has been indulging in some form of lively dissipation? We complain of the decline of public taste exhibited in attendance upon musicals and burlesques. The standard of artistic perception thus indicated is certainly low; but when the virtuous take to such desperate expedients to amuse themselves, who can wonder that the vicious put up with a rather idiotic form of entertainment? It is true that the unlucky victims had the compensation of gazing on the imposing form of Mr. Tupper, even if they could hear little that he read, and that little was read in the tone of an old-fashioned preacher of the driest variety. But we should have thought that an hour's contemplation of Mr. Tupper was enough to engrave his lineaments permanently on the imagination, and the entertainment which we have endeavoured faintly to portray lasted—we cannot avoid the revelation, painful as it must be to well-regulated minds—for two mortal hours. How little do we sympathize with the sufferings of many persons in this vast metropolis, or appreciate the intellectual famine that reigns in our immediate neighbourhood!

OUR KILLED AND WOUNDED.

THE trial of the pointsman concerned in the collision at Brockley Junction adds little to our knowledge of the circumstances of that terrible calamity. The engineer of the North-Eastern Railway explained the arrangements of the line, and the real or supposed necessity which produced them. There is only a double line of railway for all the passenger and goods trains, whether from the South, or from Sunderland, or from the Tyne Docks. Thus this double line of railway did duty for three distinct lines of traffic. It was necessary, in the view of the engineer, to have these points which caused the accident, in order to send the slow trains from the up to the down side of the platform. There has been some confusion in reference to this accident in the use of the terms "up" and "down" lines, but the engineer calls the line from Newcastle to Sunderland the "up" line. The only reason given by the engineer for the arrangement which he had declared to be necessary was that there was only one platform at the Brockley Station. If there was a platform on the other side of the railway the points would not be necessary, "but there could not conveniently be one." We do not blame this engineer for thought and language which have become habitual in his class. But we hope that some effectual measure will be adopted to compel Railway Companies to make reasonable provision for the safety of their passengers, even at the cost of inconvenience to themselves. The inconvenience at Brockley would probably consist in the necessity of purchasing land adjoining the station, which the fact of its proximity has rendered valuable. One of the difficulties of Railway Companies undoubtedly is the large prices which they usually have to pay for land, and this is a difficulty which requires serious consideration, because it is not by any means obvious how any better tribunal can be substituted for the juries to which these questions are usually referred, and which certainly do not discover any disposition to allow the Companies to obtain easy bargains. Much has been said at various times about the cost of the Great Western and other lines which were formed on the broad gauge, and it may perhaps be useful now to remember that that gauge was originally adopted, whether rightly or wrongly we need not now inquire, in order to ensure a degree of combined speed, safety, and comfort beyond what was then supposed to be

practicable on the narrow gauge. The gauge controversy is now such an old story that even the principle in which it originated has been almost forgotten. But when an engineer tells us that there cannot "conveniently" be two platforms at Brockley, we might answer that the public cannot conveniently submit to be killed or wounded for the want of accommodation which might be provided by reasonable expenditure. In our view the time has come for a revision of the railway system of the country, on the principle that safety is more important than either speed or even cheapness. It is clear, from the inquiry into this Brockley accident, that much may be done to mitigate some of the chief dangers of railway travelling. When we are told that between two and three hundred trains pass this station daily, we may almost say that it is an accident that any passenger makes the journey safely. It has been stated lately by an Inspector of the Board of Trade that the adoption of the "absolute block system" would be a great means of safety, because it peremptorily forbids more than one train to be on the same length of line at the same time. But even this system would not have prevented the Brockley accident. The danger-signal was up against the coal train, and the driver whistled to it, whereupon the pointsman, who was also signalman, took it down. Unfortunately he had forgotten to turn the points after a passenger train had gone through the station, and thus he took down the danger-signal while danger, or rather certainty of collision, still existed.

The inquest held upon the victims of the accident at Ardsley tends to confirm the argument which we have urged as to the practicability of precautions which would remove many causes of loss of life on railways. Indeed, we come back always to the same point, that an amount and variety of traffic is borne upon the lines of busy districts which is utterly inconsistent with reasonable security. There appears to be a large traffic in many kinds of commodities at Barnsley. A train of goods and minerals had arrived at that station about two o'clock in the afternoon. The driver and other servants of the Company were engaged in shunting for about two and a-half hours. This would only bring the time to half-past four. The accident did not happen until nearly two hours later, and the waggons which caused it belonged to this train of goods and minerals. Thus the various component parts of the train had been shifting and dodging about for nearly half a working day, with the ultimate result of producing a terrible disaster. We had thought that the danger of any carelessness in dealing with heavy waggons on an incline had been sufficiently exemplified to impress even railway servants with the necessity of unvarying precaution. A force is easily set in action which is impossible to control. The driver of the train stated that several waggons had been detached from it, and left at a particular place upon the line. Presently he, being with his engine on another line of rails, passed the place where he had left these waggons, and they had disappeared. The guard who had been left with the waggons had also disappeared, but he was near at hand, and he informed the driver that the waggons had "run down." A few years ago an accident occurred on the Metropolitan Railway in consequence of the fall of an iron girder upon a train which was passing underneath the structure which is now the Smithfield Meat Market. The Company which allowed a train to run under a suspended girder had omitted to take sufficiently into account the action of gravitation. It would seem as if other Companies still laboured under a difficulty in making their servants understand that this action is invariable. According to the account given by the guard who was in charge of the runaway waggons at Barnsley, there was a want of those precautions which ought never to be omitted. To manage heavy carriages as these were managed is as rash an act as the discharge of a gun in a public place. We are told that there were breaks in the waggons for the purpose of stopping them when they were left on the incline, and the waggons ought to be "spragged" as well. Carriages have been known to run down the line from another station under the same management, but they ran into a place provided for them in the event of their getting loose. No such provision had been made between Barnsley and Ardsley. Thus we come back to the old story. Assume that the guard who was in charge of these waggons omitted to use the breaks or the spraggs as he ought to have done, his employers are still responsible for the existence of a state of things which produced such tremendous consequences from his neglect. It would be improper to enter further into the case of this guard, who is about to be tried in a criminal court, but we may say, as we said in reference to the pointsman who caused the accident at the Brockley Junction, that it is idle to expect that any possible result of criminal trials of this class of men can give to the public the security which it is entitled to require in railway travelling. Recklessness of habitual risks is an almost ineradicable characteristic of the classes of Englishmen who are most largely employed on railways, mines, and other similar works. At most you can only expect to make a railway servant as careful of the lives of passengers as he is of his own, and thus you get only a very little way towards security. We want a system which shall be independent of the shortcomings of guards and pointsmen, or at least shall impose some limit upon the consequences of their negligence. We may venture to quote the account which the guard himself gives of what occurred at Barnsley. "The waggons," says he, "were driven forwards, owing to an empty one rebounding." A very slight impetus was thus given to motion,

which was rapidly accelerated. "There was a spragg put into one waggon, but it broke and stuck in the wheel." He had to go about 40 yards to get another spragg. Before he had time to do so the waggons moved off. Now, supposing that there had not been any previous neglect in applying breaks to the waggons, the entire cause of the deaths of 14 passengers, and the injury of many more, would be a defect in a spragg, and the want of another within 40 yards. If we added that there was a want of another man to help the guard we should not perhaps be wrong. The guard followed with the engine, but could not overtake the waggons, which ran down the incline to Ardsley at a speed which was described by witnesses as reaching 30 or even 40 miles an hour. If the engine could have overtaken the waggons, those who rode in it, although they would probably have been ready to risk their lives, could have done nothing effectual to stop them. A moment's neglect produced these tremendous and irrevocable consequences. We can only say, as we have said many times before, that if Railway Companies will intermix their goods and passenger traffic as they now do, they must apply exactly the same precaution to every part of it. The waggons running down the incline arrived at the Ardsley station, at the bottom of it, just when a train which had stopped at that station was starting to pursue its journey. In the Harrow and Brockley accidents the victims were taken from the fore part of the train. In the Ardsley accident they were taken from the hind part. The difference of a few seconds in the starting of this train would have brought the full force of this collision upon the middle or the fore part of it. No one can read the details of these repeated and terrible catastrophes without remembering the words, "One is taken and another left."

The verdict of the jury on the Harrow inquest may be useful as an emphatic declaration of those conclusions at which not only this jury but every sensible man in the kingdom has long since arrived. We believe, and have repeatedly expressed our conviction, that the safety of the public will not be secured until it is enacted that goods trains and passenger trains shall not run on the same metals where traffic is so extensive as upon the main line of the North-Western Railway. Considering the difficulty of giving legislative effect to this opinion, it is not encouraging to remember that the Board of Trade, owing to the unfortunate illness of Mr. Bright, is still without a responsible head. It cannot be forgotten that the Companies have in many cases paid very large prices for the land on which they have made their lines and stations, and the prospect of having to acquire more land at the same or larger prices will not cause shareholders to pass a cheerful Christmas. It would be exceedingly difficult to lay down any principle which should limit the amount of compensation to owners of land compulsorily taken, and yet some consideration is due to the fact that land for widening railways and enlarging stations is required for the public safety just as much as if it were to be used for building forts and forming military roads between them. It is enough, however, to say that, whatever it may cost, public safety must be maintained. The other recommendations of the jury are equally imperative. There is no question that signalmen and pointmen are overworked, and the advantages of the "absolute block" system of signalling have been long since indisputably demonstrated. Indeed, if the Board of Trade were not afraid of the Railway Companies, this and many other salutary measures would have been adopted to mitigate the danger of increasing traffic. But as the Board of Trade can now reckon upon public support, it may be surely expected to adopt and enforce effectual regulations. If Government does not care to protect the country against foreign enemies, they might at least endeavour to give us security at home.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

NOT only on the field of war, in disastrous battles and sieges, in the ruin of her cities and the devastation of her fields, will France have cause to rue the present year as one of the blackest in her calendar. Not only in the courtyard of the Palace of the Grand Monarch has she witnessed the total eclipse of all her glories. It was the fashion under the Second Empire for the students in the national Lyceums and Colleges to read the history of their country according to the text prepared for them by authority of the Minister of Public Instruction. It happened once that that functionary had, like the compilers of the prophetic almanacs, somewhat anticipated events by describing the campaign in Mexico as the conquest of an Empire, and the victory of the Latin race, beyond the Atlantic. It will be the duty of the next Minister of Public Instruction, after the peace, to treat eighteen hundred and seventy as the Venetian Doges treated the portrait of Faliero—to cover the vacant frame with a black curtain and a bare date. We smile in pity when Victor Hugo denounces in apocalyptic epigrams the beleaguering of a beleagued capital as a hideous sacrifice against civilization, humanity, Nature, and the Infinite. We are moved to honest sympathy when the Delegate of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at Tours asks with amazement, which he is persuaded all the world must share, whether it can be true that so splendid a city as Paris can be invested? At the bottom of all these not unworthy exaggerations of national self-love there is more than a grain of reason and justice. For although the French nation in the aggregate was at the outbreak of the war probably not surpassed, in ignorance of the world around it and of its own proper

place in the world, by the population of Russia or of Turkey, Paris was undoubtedly above all European cities and capitals, a centre and focus of the human intellect, of the liberal arts, and of all the graces and accomplishments that distinguish the most refined societies from barbarous tribes or mere industrial agglomerations. Paris was not only the arbitress of taste and fashion in clothes and cookery, but the quintessence of a most composite national genius, in which something of German solidity was mixed and fused with the tenacious temper of the Norman, the gloomy imagination of the Breton, the free and fiery humour of the Gaul, the volatile exuberance of the Gascon, the volubility and acuteness of the Greek. French literature, with its exquisite sharpness and polish, was the mint—as German literature, with its prodigious depths of exploration, was the mine—of the thought, the wit, and the knowledge of mankind. No other literature had the same marvellous radiating power, the same luminous clearness, and brightness, and communicative charm. One hears with interest that the Académie des Sciences meet and read their papers as usual, with all the calmness of an Archimedes. But what has become, during these ninety days of imprisonment, of the inexhaustible play-writers, the incomparable story-tellers, the delightful essayists, whose language was universal, and whose dominion was one on which the sun never set? Twenty years of Imperialism had, it is true, smoothed the declivity and the decline of intellectual France. The Second Empire subsisted, with scarcely an exception, upon the literary glories of the Restoration and the Monarchy of July. All the essayists and the philosophers belonged to the Opposition, and of the novelists and the dramatists only About and Dumas the Younger, and Sardou and Octave Feuillet, and Flaubert, could be counted among the products, or at any rate the contemporaries, of the Napoleonic decadence. And all of these were, like the Roman poets of the Augustan epoch, the descendants of a freer race—*progenies visioris*.

Among the few surviving figures of an era of political and social renovation there towered from time to time, but more seldom of late years, on the Boulevards of Paris, vast alike in bulk and in brain, one colossal survivor of the age of literary giants, Alexandre Dumas the Elder, and (as no one has more gracefully and feelingly insisted than his son) Alexandre Dumas the Greater. Dryasdusts who for the best reasons in the world would shut out from the domain of pure literature all that is not useful, ponderous, and unreadable, may pretend to treat the claims of the author of *Monte Christo* as those of a magnificent mountebank or buffoon, because he only wrote stories and plays and fugitive papers which have delighted thousands upon thousands of his fellow-creatures, and charmed away their sorrows or their cares. Of course it is easy and perfectly correct to say that Alexandre Dumas, during forty years and more of incessant labour and prodigious variety of production, penned an immense amount of trash which the world has very willingly let die, and was at least the putative father of an innumerable worthless literary offspring. It is not to the *feuilleton* that one turns for doctrine, for instruction, for edification, for sound learning and profound scholarship. Yet when the *feuilleton* was signed by a Balzac or a Dumas there was often to be found in that dingy ground-floor of the daily paper a wealth of imagination, a fertility of invention, a depth and acuteness of observation, an abundance of life and character and incident, enough to make the fortunes of a thousand plagiarists and imitators, and to amuse the leisure moments of generation after generation of readers in all countries, and of all ranks and conditions. A man who can write such a story as *Monte Christo* is in sober earnest a sort of benefactor to the human race. No doubt, as the President of the Assize Court of Rouen remarked, when Dumas, in the witness-box, told the Usher of the Court that were he not in the native town of Cordeliers he should call himself a dramatic author—"there are degrees." Still, any man who contributes half as much as Dumas has contributed to the harmless intellectual recreation of his fellow-creatures (for, with comparatively few exceptions, his works are as surprising for their inoffensive morality as for their audacity of design and exuberance of dialogue), deserves to be counted, after his kind, among those who have done faithful service in this sub-lunary world. And, for our part, we are not ashamed to confess our gratitude for many a pleasant hour to the great "romancist" who is now beyond the reach of censure and of admiration.

Alexandre Dumas was really a phenomenal creature; an astounding compound of natural forces, a sublime instance of "variety of species." Neither France alone, nor even Paris, could have given birth to such a prodigy. Paris might have produced the skilful dramatist, the ingenious novelist, the ever-ready *feuilletonist*; but the overpowering luxuriance of Dumas was tropical. The inordinate personality of the man was African. It was the strong dash of "colour" in his veins that made his self-complacency so colossal, and bore him triumphant over difficult circumstances and an obscure condition, over cliques of critics and satirists, over jealousy and envy and ridicule, and his own enormous vanities and absurdities. He had the tastes, the appetites, the splendour and ostentation of a negro, and with all this an almost pathetic instinct of chivalrous sensibilities, of generous devotion and self-sacrifice, and, as occasional touches in his plays and novels show, a singular gentleness and delicacy of feeling. What might have been grossness or coarseness in the pure African became refined rather than corrupted by the French *finesse* and the Parisian self-culture. Unlike the Parisians of pure blood, his most questionable scenes of sensual passion never degenerated into sheer indecency and nastiness. As a hard worker

alone he was worthy of all praise. Such was his power of throwing off "copy" that fantastic anecdotes of his writing with four pens, and dictating three stories to as many clerks at once, were not only invented but believed. That at one period of his career he presided, like one of the Old Masters, over a school of young apprentices in the art of story-writing, giving them an outline of a design to be "filled in," and reserving for himself little more than the last finishing touches, is likely enough. That he had many *collaborateurs* is certain; and it is equally certain that, wherever he "collaborated," he did the best of the work and deserved by far the largest share of the reward and the renown. There was not a morsel of meanness or a shadow of envy in the huge man's nature; he wore his heart and all his faults and his follies on his sleeve; and if his very weaknesses were immense, his failings and his vices—if vices there were in a life inevitably condemned from its origin to irregularity and eccentricity—were for the most part scarcely worse than venial frailties or excesses of good-nature and of a most lovable enthusiasm. Lovable he was always, in all his failings and defects. What he earned with ease, he squandered with profuseness upon his friends and comrades; and if he loved to hold a little court it was not in a company of flatterers or of patrons, but of the friendless and struggling apprentices of the craft of which he was the acknowledged master, that he reigned as king.

If other testimony to the good qualities of this extraordinary man were wanting, we might find it in the prosperous career and the constant dutiful affection of his son, who, although he made his jokes about "the Prodigal Father," never forgot the debt of gratitude to his earliest and surest friend, to whom he owed his talent, his education, his introduction to fame and fortune, and even the correcting influence of an example more honoured in the breach than the observance. Alexandre Dumas the Younger declined to be even a candidate for the Academy while his father remained outside the precincts of the famous Company. In that son's modest country house in Normandy, a few miles from Dieppe, and a day or two before a German army on its victorious march from the Rhine to the Channel had struck that little seaport, the creator of so many magic worlds breathed his last a few days ago, after a lingering and wasting illness, in his sixty-seventh year. That is an age at which many men are still full of life and vigour, and capable of exertion and enjoyment. But Dumas had lived all his days the life of many men. And the curious and complicated workmanship of that wonder-weaving brain was fairly worn out. He had written his last page and done his last day's work before he sought and found his final rest. Many of his surviving friends and comrades will envy him perhaps the opportuneness of his disappearance from the scene. If he was not a very thoughtful or consistent politician, if he was an enthusiastic rather than an extreme or rigorous Republican, he was too good a patriot and too true a Frenchman not to rejoice to pass away before the fall of Paris. Artist as he was, and charlatan as he was sometimes called by respectable dullards, he was not the man to play the fiddle over the flames of Rome.

THE MARTINI-HENRY RIFLE.

IF the history of the British army ever comes to be written, the circumstances connected with the adoption of a breech-loading rifle for the use of the troops will form a curious episode. It will have to be related that for many years the military authorities determinedly set their faces against breech-loaders for military rifles, for the very reason which is now held to constitute their chief recommendation—namely, that they are capable of being fired with very great rapidity. Then, when the advantages of the breech-loader for mounted men became recognised, it was urged that cartridges containing their own ignition were liable to be accidentally exploded, that one cartridge igniting would fire the rest, and that ammunition of this class was therefore clearly inadmissible for military use. This delusion was dispelled by a few simple experiments, and the Danco-German war exhibited the advantages of the breech-loader so strongly that hesitation was no longer possible, and General Russell's Committee reported decidedly in favour of arming the British infantry with breech-loading rifles. This was in July 1864, five years and a-half ago. Up to this moment no English soldier has received a new rifle; and some regiments have not even yet had their Enfield rifles converted into breech-loaders. More than this, the pattern of rifle to be adopted has not yet been officially decided upon; and gunmakers and inventors are still importuning the War Office and the public to weigh the claims of their respective weapons. Meanwhile the army still uses the same weapon that was introduced seventeen years ago (the Enfield rifle dates from 1853), but fitted with an arrangement which admits of its being loaded and fired with greater rapidity. During these seventeen years immense strides have been made in small arms. Many minds have been engaged in working out, at a great expenditure of time and money, the questions of rifling, calibre, weight of bullet and charge. And the result is that there are now in existence military rifles vastly superior to the arm which we are still complacently manufacturing at the rate of about 2,000 a week.

We have no desire to represent the five and a-half years which have elapsed since General Russell's Committee reported as having been wasted. On the contrary, much good work has been done in that time. The Snider conversion, thanks in a great measure

to the "Boxer" cartridge, has proved a success. And the details of the military small-arm questions have been worked out with a completeness which leaves little to be desired. But the War Office has lately fallen into extraordinary hesitation and indecision in this matter, which cannot be too strongly condemned, and which, if persevered in, must have the effect of indefinitely postponing the issue of an improved weapon to our troops.

In the autumn of 1866 an advertisement was issued to gunmakers and others inviting them to submit breech-loading military rifles for competition. A Committee was appointed to examine and report upon the different specimens, and to award the prizes. This Committee included two well-known Volunteers and distinguished rifle shots—Lord Spencer and Mr. Edward Ross; and three officers of the regular army—Lieutenant-Colonel Fletcher, Captain Macdonald, and Captain Rawlins. None of the members had ever before sat upon a similar Committee, and their judgment was therefore perfectly unbiassed by any previous expressions of opinion, while the bitterest opponents of the decision at which they arrived have not ventured to hint that they were influenced by any other consideration than that of obtaining the best rifle for the service. The course of the inquiry has been before described in these columns. After an exhaustive experimental investigation of the subject; after eliminating the inferior weapons one by one; after narrowing the competition to half-a-dozen specimens; after subjecting each of these rifles to every test which ingenuity could devise; after separating the question of the barrel from that of the breech mechanism, and working out the two independently; after taking evidence from the best-known rifle-makers and the highest military authorities on the points which affect the efficiency of a military rifle—the Committee recommended a composite weapon, consisting of the Henry rifle fitted on to the Martini breech, and firing the Boxer cartridge. This combination had in fair competition surpassed the other systems, the Henry rifle having run it closest. The Report of the Committee in which this recommendation was made is now two years old.

Up to this point not much time had been wasted since General Russell's Committee had reported in 1864. A great deal of work had to be got through, and it had been well and loyally done. But now the subject passed out of the hands of the plain, straightforward soldiers who had hitherto had to deal with it. It became a War Office question—a "popular" question—a gunmaker's question—anybody's question. The Martini-Henry rifle, though it had fairly fought its way to the front, was not yet to be allowed to gather the fruits of its victory. Disappointed inventors and rival gunmakers were not going to give up the game so easily. Mr. Cardwell was advised—and we should be the last to say that he was ill-advised—that it was necessary to subject the weapon to a further test. A number of Martini-Henry rifles were ordered to be issued for trial to the troops; who were to be required to answer a string of questions, and to pick the arm to pieces if they could. Last autumn fifty of these Reports were presented to Parliament. Their tenor is remarkably favourable to the arm. Such slight modifications as were suggested had for the most part been anticipated and acted upon. Of the weapon generally, and of the ammunition, the highest opinions were expressed. Meanwhile, the Martini-Henry had undergone two public and very full trials at Wimbledon. Some of the rifles were specially supplied by the Government for the meetings of 1869 and 1870, in order that they might be handled by experienced riflemen. Notwithstanding the attempts which were made to beat the arm, and the systematic depreciation to which it was subjected in several quarters, it may fairly be said that on the whole the Martini-Henry on each occasion surpassed everything that was brought against it.

It might be supposed that the continued success of the weapon would have silenced the opposition which its proposed adoption had excited. On the contrary, in proportion as the merits of the arm have been established, the opposition to it has intensified. Never did the Martini-Henry rifle stand higher in the eyes of unprejudiced judges than it does at this moment, when it has passed through a triple ordeal such as no other military weapon was ever subjected to; but never were so many hard things said against it as are being said at the present time. The whole of the energy and influence of those who have rifles of their own is now being brought to bear to secure the rejection of the arm. It is felt, no doubt, that a push must be made now or never. The consequence is that the columns of the *Times* teem with letters, written on behalf of gunmakers, assuring the public that the Martini-Henry rifle is a failure, and that no time should be lost in adopting such or such another weapon. There are three noticeable points in connexion with these letters—first, they are nearly always written by a lord; secondly, they invariably breathe a spirit of pure patriotism; thirdly, the writer always puts experimental inquiry altogether on one side, ignoring the long-continued successful trials of the Martini-Henry rifle, and desiring for the arm which he recommends no trials whatever. In addition to the lords who spend their time in writing to the papers to decry the Martini-Henry rifle, and to advocate some weapon which happens to have taken their particular fancy, there are the mechanical engineers who spend their time in answering a number of questions ingeniously framed to lead up to a particular conclusion. Those who know anything of this matter know also that all sorts of influences have been brought to bear; that military men in authority have been pestered and pursued by the solicitations of those who wish to see their own rifles introduced instead of the Martini-Henry; that all sorts of one-sided trials have been carried out, and

that paragraphs describing them have been inserted in all sorts of papers; in short, that strenuous efforts are being made to prejudice the public mind, and to induce the Secretary of State to abandon the proposed introduction of the Martini-Henry in favour of some other weapon.

All this would be hardly worth noticing if it were not that the service thereby suffers. It is hardly to be complained of that inventors of military breechloaders who have failed to secure the introduction of their rifle on its publicly tested merits should resort to other means to attain their end. To them it is simply a matter of business. Only it is proper that the public should understand what all this means. It is proper that it should be clearly understood that the letters in the *Times* are literally unpaid advertisements, and not the less advertisements because the noble authors honestly believe every word they say. We have no doubt whatever that Lord Wilton is as firmly convinced of the superiority of the Westley-Richards to the Martini-Henry, as Lord Blandford is of the superiority of the Henry rifle to either. So also there are honest believers in the Soper, in the Tranter, and in half-a-score of other good weapons. And, we may add, these arms deserve to have their admirers. They are many of them—most of them—weapons of great merit. But because the Tranter is a good rifle, it does not follow that it is therefore the most suitable weapon for military use, that it is better than the Martini-Henry, or that the latter is a bad rifle. On the contrary, as we have shown, the Martini-Henry rifle has proved itself during a long-continued series of trials an undeniably good arm. Its practical performances furnish an effective answer to the theoretical objections which have been urged against it. We have been so long accustomed to be told that the Martini-Henry must break down, and it has so obstinately gone on *not* breaking down, that the prophecies of evil things have begun to fall harmless on our ears. It cannot be too clearly understood that the real test of a rifle is, not the opinion of this lord or of that, or its show performances on some well-prepared occasion, but its actual behaviour under full experimental inquiry, in the hands of the troops and in the hands of practical riflemen. If an arm passes these tests—if it endures long-continued firing, rough usage, exposure to damp and dirt, cold and heat; if at the end of the practice or experiment it shows no signs of wear, and remains still thoroughly serviceable, and if it commends itself to a perfectly disinterested Committee of officers and to the troops who have used it—all the lords and all the gunmakers and all the mechanical engineers will find it difficult to prove that the arm is a bad one.

This is the position of the Martini-Henry rifle at this moment; and we trust that Mr. Cardwell will not allow himself to be influenced by the groundless clamour which is now being raised against the adoption of the rifle. Unfortunately there are indications, not that Mr. Cardwell proposes to upset the labours of the Committee, or to throw away the time and money which have been expended in this investigation, but that this persistent opposition to the Martini-Henry is having the effect of inducing an excess of caution, not to say timidity, in the War-Office authorities. Evidence which under any other circumstances would have been held more than ample to justify the immediate adoption of an arm is, in the case of the Martini-Henry rifle, being lengthened out and supplemented in every possible way. Fresh members are added to the Committee; fresh evidence is taken; the adoption of the arm is still delayed from month to month, simply because a number of rival inventors allege the existence of defects in the selected rifle which repeated trials have shown to be wholly fanciful. If the exertions of these gentlemen and of their supporters, which are thus retarding the re-armament of the British soldier with a new and superior weapon, should unhappily prove successful, the result would be the re-opening of the whole question, the postponement of any decision for at least another couple of years, by which time another opposition of the same character would be directed against the successful arm, and between the rival gunmakers the soldiers would fall completely to the ground. The time has now arrived when Mr. Cardwell should express his determination to abide by the recommendation of the Breech-loading Committee. If his object in this matter be to satisfy the inventors by multiplying tests, he will never attain it. Enough has been done to satisfy the service, and all unprejudiced persons. After a long and patient investigation of unprecedented duration and severity, an excellent weapon has been discovered; and we see no reason why that weapon should not be at once adopted, and steps taken to commence its manufacture at an early date, instead of increasing by tens of thousands our stores of an inferior arm.

THE INDIAN CIVIL ENGINEERING COLLEGE.

EVERY traveller in India is at first struck with admiration at the immense amount of engineering work which has been accomplished by the direct agency of Government in that country. And, in truth, a perusal of the statements in the annual Budget Reports of the Public Works Department would seem to justify that first impression. When, however, the subject is more closely examined, and the results are compared with the vast sums by which they have been accomplished, and when details are gone into, it will be found that, though much has been done, more ought to have been effected, and that the aggregate is more satisfactory than the details. Hundreds of thousands of pounds have been expended on barracks which have fallen in soon after their completion; take the barracks in the fortress of Gwalior, and those at

Loodianah. Others have been erected on a palatial scale, as at Jullundur, and when occupied have been found to be ovens in the hot, and cullenders in the rainy, season; others, as those at Allahabad, have, when completed, been abandoned because they were ascertained to have been built on regular cholera beds. Many more instances might be given, but these will serve to establish our assertion that money and soldiers' lives have been wasted to an almost incredible extent on barracks constructed by incapable engineers. Results and cost are, if not equally, still greatly incommensurate in the matter of roads and bridges. Take, for instance, the bridge over a comparatively minor stream on the Grand Trunk Road some four or five miles south of Umballa, which has been years in construction, and for all we know is not yet available for traffic—it certainly was not finished a year and a-half ago—and both the old and new roads from Kalka to Simla. In the case of one of these roads the line was badly traced, and in the case of both the construction has been so bad that the slightest fall of rain renders them in places almost impassable. The attention of Government has only recently been earnestly devoted to perhaps the greatest need of India, the means of preventing periodical famines from occurring in large provinces such as that in Orissa a few years ago, and that which more recently took place in the North-West and the Punjab. These terrible scourges were attributed simply to the comparative isolation of the provinces afflicted by drought from more fortunate districts, and to the lack of means of supplying by artificial methods the water which natural sources did not furnish. With numerous railways, feeders in the shape of district roads, and ample irrigation, famines would be impossible. These facts prove that the Public Works Department in India is, as regards both the quality and quantity of its engineers, badly supplied. It is notorious that this branch of Government is the best abused department in India, and though there is doubtless some exaggeration in the accusations showered on it by the local press, still its actual shortcomings are no doubt very great. There is much general ability among the superior officers of the department, and there are some hard-working men among the subordinates. There is, however, a low average of practical capacity among executive engineers, and in the subordinate portion of the department a vast amount of corruption is said to exist. It is a common thing to see married overseers, originally non-commissioned officers, drawing salaries equivalent to from 100*l.* to 150*l.* a-year in England, driving buggies, dressing their wives in silk dresses costing 30*l.*, giving champagne parties and buying pianos; in short, living as if they possessed three or four times their nominal income. It is not difficult to guess from what sources the means for this lavish expenditure are supplied. If the executive engineers and their assistants were more numerous, better acquainted, practically with the work carried on under their nominal superintendence, and really proficient in the language, bad work, corruption, and oppression would soon diminish. The history of the department, its rapid expansion, its composition, and the rough-and-ready expedients by which it has been recruited, fully explain its shortcomings, which become more or less apparent, more or less extensive, according to the energy of the Governor-General and his lieutenants for the time being. Lord Mayo quickly recognised the fact that the Public Works Department required, more than any other branch of Government, the close personal attention of the Viceroy, and he has applied a powerful stimulus to its operations. The work performed by it is, however, still extravagant as to cost, bad as to execution; and estimates, whether as regards time or money, are never adhered to.

In 1840 the Public Works Department only numbered 113 members, nearly all of them officers of the Company's Military Engineers, and the work consisting almost entirely of barrack and fort building. In 1849, on the annexation of the Punjab, a large number of public non-military works were commenced, and the department was increased by the appointment of a large number of officers not belonging to the corps of Engineers. These additions raised the numbers of the department till, in 1850, they amounted to 183. From that time its numbers increased rapidly, though not in proportion to the increase of work, till, in 1869, they had risen to 896. Now that the construction of railways is in great measure in the hands of Government, and that works of irrigation are to be executed on a large scale, a still further increase in the strength of the department is probable. At all events it is full time to organize some regular system for supplying this important department with a steady flow of recruits to fill up ordinary vacancies.

Hitherto, as we have observed, no comprehensive and satisfactory scheme has been adopted. At first this fact was of little consequence, for the department was easily kept complete by drafts from the corps of Military Engineers, supplemented after a time by a few officers of the Line. These latter, having for the most part undergone no special training, were rather a source of weakness in the department; but, being few in number, their introduction was of comparatively little consequence. Now, however, the supply of Military Engineers has reached its limit, and that of officers of the Line is steadily decreasing. Out of a total of 896 officers of the Public Works Department, 533 are civilians. Of these some are meritorious subordinates, who have been promoted; others passed students of civil engineering colleges in India and England; others civil engineers in practice, of approved qualifications, appointed direct by the Secretary of State; while a few, after undergoing a certain amount of private so-called practical training in England, and passing a certain very insufficient examination before the Civil Service Commis-

sioners, have gone out to India, while yet lads, in the lowest grades. It is unnecessary to consider why the other classes do not supply an adequate number to keep up the establishment to its full strength; it is enough that a large number of recruits, going out from England as lads, is required, and that the present system of so-called practical training and competitive examination has failed. The system in question was introduced in 1859, by Lord Stanley. It was required of all candidates that they should have had three years' professional preparation, either as pupils to civil or mechanical engineers, or in a school of engineering, at least one year having been spent with the former. In addition to this qualification, it was required that they should pass a competitive examination before the Civil Service Commissioners in mathematics, engineering, and surveying. The standard was low, yet in December 1868 no more than 44 candidates for 40 vacancies presented themselves, and only 20 passed. The attainments even of these were, moreover, of the most mediocre description. The examinations in previous years produced equally unsatisfactory results; yet the prizes were worth striving for, being an income beginning with 300*l.* a-year, and rising in process of time, according to merit, to 4,200*l.* per annum; advancement in the lower grades being practically in great measure regulated by seniority, save in case of absolute inefficiency or misconduct. Yet in spite of this attraction 120 appointments by competition have, since the establishment of the system in 1859, lapsed from want of a sufficient number of qualified candidates. The causes of this failure are indicated by Colonel George Chesney, R.E., of the Indian Public Works Department, and the Rev. Dr. Wrigley, one of the Examiners—than whom there are few better authorities. Engineers naturally will not encourage their most promising pupils to compete. Again, many young men would not adopt the career of an engineer in England, and only enter an engineer's office with the object of competing for an Indian appointment. Should they fail, they are either obliged at the age of perhaps twenty-five to begin life afresh, or to continue in a profession which is distasteful to them. Again, the nature of the preliminary qualifications is such that the field of selection is much narrowed, while, even in the case of those candidates who pass the theoretical examination, the perfunctory manner in which their previous training has been carried out renders it a mere accident that any practical knowledge has been acquired. England, indeed, offers in this respect a sad contrast to France and Germany, where the systematic training of civil and mechanical engineers is most carefully and systematically conducted; both theory and practice receiving due attention. In England, on the contrary, scientific preparation is neglected; while, as to practical instruction, a pupil in an office or workshop is generally at the most only allowed to pick up what he can, if he is not actually discouraged in the pursuit of knowledge. The profession therefore not being in such a state as to train efficient engineers for the Indian Public Works Department, the Duke of Argyll felt that the time had arrived when the training should be undertaken by the State; and with a view to establish such a system, he sought the opinions of Colonel Chesney, Dr. Wrigley, Mr. Thornton, General Baker, and other competent persons. These all agreed in the propriety of establishing a Government Civil Engineering College for India, and, with their assistance, a scheme was elaborated, and a College has within the last few weeks been established, the first Principal of which is Colonel Chesney.

It is impossible to overrate the importance of such an institution, or to commend, as a whole, too highly the very practical scheme drawn up for its management. A Government College through which alone civilians will be able to enter the Public Works Department of India cannot fail to produce a most powerful *esprit de corps*, and to raise the standard of integrity and industry, whilst also supplying that combination of theoretical and practical knowledge which has hitherto been wanting. The outline of the scheme is that all candidates should be not less than seventeen or more than twenty-one years of age, and that they should pass a competitive examination in English Composition, History, and Literature, Greek, Latin, French, German, Natural and Experimental Sciences, Mechanical and Free Hand Drawing. Of these subjects, Mathematics and a limited amount of English Composition are obligatory. The object of these regulations is that the candidate should have time and inducement to obtain a liberal, before he enters on a technical education. We would here remark that the idea, though excellent within certain limits, seems to have been pushed rather too far. It is indispensable to an engineer that he should have what is termed "a natural turn" for mathematics, pure and mixed, and drawing. Now, in the entrance examination, it is only required that the candidate should possess a certain limited acquaintance with pure mathematics. He may pass this examination very successfully, having learnt the mathematical part of it by rote, yet have no aptitude for mixed mathematics, and be almost unable to draw a straight line. Such a man will never become even a respectable engineer. Of course, should his want of aptitude for the two necessary subjects referred to be apparent at the College, he will never, whatever his other acquirements, be allowed to graduate. Still it is possible that he may waste at least a year at College, filling the place of a more useful man, before his deficiencies are discovered.

The synopsis of the course of study at the College itself seems to have been judiciously drawn up with regard to the practical requirements of an engineer employed in so special a country as India. The distribution of time is likewise worthy of commendation. The student will during the first two and one-third years

divide his time between the hall of study, practical surveying, and the workshop, the professorial and tutorial systems being combined. Two-thirds of the third and last year will be passed by the student under a civil or mechanical engineer. Further to ensure practical knowledge, he will be tested, not only by the number of marks assigned for drawings, reports, surveys, &c. executed while at the College, but also by marks given for notes taken while employed under a civil or mechanical engineer. Theoretical—or, as it may be termed, book—learning will not therefore be allowed more than its due weight. The contrary would be inevitably the case were students only tested by formal periodical examinations compressed into two or three days at the utmost. The student, having successfully graduated, will be posted to the Public Works Department in the second grade—as are officers of the Royal Engineers—and will at once receive 420*l.* per annum. The scheme by which the capabilities of the students are to be tested is so liberally conceived that those who enter the College, having already fitted themselves for their career, will be allowed to reduce the period of residence of three years. In extreme cases a candidate will only be required to remain at the College long enough to show by his work that he is competent. There is one question connected with the scheme concerning which there is a difference of opinion among the projectors, and we confess that we doubt whether the wisest decision has finally been arrived at. We refer to the question of age of admission. Dr. Wrigley proposes that the age should be between eighteen and twenty-one, and is supported by Mr. Thornton and Mr. Grant Duff; Colonel Chesney considers that it should be between sixteen and eighteen; Major-General Baker, Member of the Council of India, coincides with Colonel Chesney. The Secretary of State for India has ultimately decided that the age should be from seventeen to twenty-one. The argument of Colonel Chesney is that, to get good men, you must catch them young. He urges that "the competition for Woolwich is much severer than that for the Indian Civil Service, although the prizes in the two cases offer no comparison; and so at the age young men are eligible for the Indian engineer service, many who might have been found to come forward at an earlier age have established a place for themselves in the English professional world, and are not to be tempted by the moderate prospects of an Indian engineer's career." The argument of those who are in favour of raising the age of candidates is that they will have more time for acquiring a sound general English education, and that if Colonel Chesney's limits of age were adopted the institution would be neither school nor college. There is much to be said in favour of each class of arguments; but it seems to us that the real question is, what are the limits of age within which we shall secure the best men? Colonel Chesney relies on the experience of the past to bear out his argument, and we are much disposed to believe that the field of selection will be greatly narrowed by deferring the period of entrance into the College. The intending candidates will be found among people of only moderate means, who will not be able to afford the expense of a prolonged education.

As to the amount of College fees we have also a few remarks to make. Mr. Thornton proposes that the pupils should pay 105*l.* a-year. Dr. Wrigley and General Baker concur, while Colonel Chesney suggests 100*l.* a-year. The Secretary of State has finally determined that the sum shall be 150*l.* a-year, in which the expense of medical attendance, wine and beer, will not be included. The total cost, therefore, including extras, clothes, pocket-money, and travelling expenses, will not at the lowest computation be under 200*l.* per annum. We venture to think that this sum is far too large, and that only comparatively rich persons will be able to afford it. Consequently the sons of officers of the army and navy, clergymen and doctors, solicitors and barristers in ordinary practice, as well as a large number of country gentlemen with estates of less than 1,000*l.* a-year and large families, will be absolutely excluded from competition. But these are the very classes from which it is desirable to obtain competitors. The sons of rich men will not, as a rule, submit to a severe competition and consent to lifelong expatriation for the sake of becoming members of a profession which, whether rightly or wrongly, does not rank, as regards social status, in the first class. Nor is this high rate of payment required, for, according to Mr. Thornton's calculation, if each student's fees amounted to 105*l.* a-year, the total annual cost to Government would not exceed 1,850*l.* We have only one more observation to make, which is, that there is no security that a pupil, after passing through the College, may not, after all, elect to follow the profession of civil engineer in England. Should, say, ten do so in one year, the inconvenience to Government might be very great. Some covenant should surely be entered into according to which a pupil declining eventually to enter the Indian service should forfeit some substantial sum of money.

REVIEWS.

REICHEL'S SEE OF ROME IN THE MIDDLE AGES.*

THE vulgar prejudice which regarded all Church history from the end of the first, or at latest the third, century to the Reformation as a blank, and led Protestant writers and preachers to pass at a jump from St. Paul to Bishop Ridley, as though no

* *The See of Rome in the Middle Ages.* By the Rev. O. J. Reichel, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1870.

names worth remembering could be found to illustrate the intervening darkness, was no less unphilosophical than unhistorical. There is something absurd on the face of it in the notion that a great flood arose and swept away, as it were in one night, all traces of primitive Christianity, till a second apostolate sprang up by a kind of spontaneous generation in the sixteenth century to recover the lost religion from the pages of the New Testament and reconvert the world through the evangelizing agency of the printing-press. No impartial student of history indeed can maintain that the mediæval or modern Papacy is "simply a reproduction of Christianity as it existed at its earliest dawn"; but to represent its whole career as the simple triumph of Antichrist over the Gospel is even more irrational. Nevertheless such a view has widely prevailed, even when it has not been openly avowed, in Protestant countries during the last three centuries, and has left its mark on their literature. German Rationalist writers were the first to detect and expose the fallacy, and others, whose religious sympathies make it less easy for them to be impartial, have since followed in their wake. But it was no mere sarcasm, till quite recently, to say that Gibbon was the sole Church historian of England, and even now there is but one work in our language which has any claim to be regarded as a history of the mediæval Church. Mr. Reichel has not undertaken to supersede or supplement Milman. He modestly disclaims originality, and he does not profess to be writing an ecclesiastical history. It is only due to him to bear this in mind, or his readers might be disappointed at not finding what in fact they have no reason to expect. What he has done is to give us a carefully worked-out, and on the whole thoroughly trustworthy, compendium of the millennial reign of the Papacy from the pontificate of Gregory I. to Leo X., divided into its three periods of "growth," "greatness," and "decline." As a work of reference the volume will be found of great service, the more so as it supplies for the first time a want in English literature; and it may also well be used, as the author suggests, as an introduction to larger works. The style, if not eloquent, is clear and flowing; but the arrangement of each period under different subject-matters, while excellently adapted for purposes of reference, is necessarily somewhat of a drawback for continuous reading, as we are constantly going over the same ground in different connexions. Thus, e.g., in the "Age of Greatness" we have chapters on the Popes and anti-Popes, the Crusades, the Investiture controversy, and the Holy Empire, in each of which the same personages and events reappear under new aspects. This was inevitable, and is no fault of the author's, but it of course interrupts the historical sequence of the narrative. We have said that Mr. Reichel makes no claim to originality, but he does claim to be "calm and impartial"; and we may add, and shall presently hope to prove, that he has succeeded in this to a degree which in so delicate a subject-matter is comparatively rare, especially in so young a writer. There is one point of view, perfectly true as far as it goes, under which the growth of the Papal power may fairly be considered as a record of "unprincipled usurpation," and this side of its history is brought out with great force by the Roman Catholic author of *Janus*—to which, by the way, we are rather surprised to find no single reference from beginning to end of Mr. Reichel's volume, though there is unmistakeable evidence of his having frequently availed himself of the facts and authorities contained in it. But this view would be manifestly one-sided and incomplete if applied, as it was obviously never intended to be applied, as an exclusive and adequate interpretation of mediæval Church history. *Janus* was written to demonstrate historically the untenableness of the modern Papal claims of absolute supremacy and infallibility—and the demonstration is complete; but it was not meant, like the present volume, for a general outline of the history of the See of Rome in the middle ages. And accordingly, while there would probably be little difference of opinion between the two writers, their methods of treatment are very different.

We are not sure whether any Catholic student of prophecy has thought of identifying the mediæval dominion of the Papacy and the Holy Roman Empire with the millennium, but such a solution of the Apocalyptic puzzle would be at least as plausible as many with which we are familiar. If we date the grand era of the Papacy, with Mr. Reichel, from the accession of Gregory the Great (590), we shall have, roughly speaking, a thousand years down to the humiliation of the spiritual power before the assaults of the Protestant Antichrist. The thousand years of the Holy Empire do not indeed exactly coincide with this period, whether we reckon from its actual foundation under Pepin in 752 to its virtual abolition in the Seven Years' war (1756—1763), or from its formal establishment under Charles the Great in 800, to the formal abdication of Francis II. in 1806; but in either case its duration extends over just a thousand years, and for practical, or at least prophetic, purposes the "two great luminaries," as Innocent III. called them, may be said to wax and wane together. Mr. Reichel can naturally add little to the flood of light already thrown on the Holy Roman Empire in Mr. Bryce's admirable treatise, to which he constantly refers, but he has brought out with remarkable distinctness the peculiar relations of Church and State in the middle ages, which he apparently considers to constitute the *differentia* of the mediæval as contrasted with the early Church. This is prominently illustrated in the very opposite method of conducting missionary operations and the altered position of the hierarchy. The apostles and early preachers of Christianity appealed to the poor and the outcast, while the first object of the mediæval missionaries was to convert the

ruled of a country, and the baptism of their subjects was expected to follow, and generally did follow, as a matter of course. Thus Remigius addressed himself to Clovis, St. Augustine to Ethelbert, and St. Boniface to Charles Martel and Pepin. And in the same way, as the nation was merged in the sovereign, the Church was merged in the hierarchy, who alone had a right to speak in its name, and who were chosen no longer by popular suffrage, but by the nomination of Pope or Emperor. And yet, though the Church and Empire were in such close alliance that they may almost be regarded as the same society under different names, having a temporal and a spiritual head, Popes and Emperors were engaged in an almost unbroken conflict with each other; and the Papacy, when at the zenith of its power, laboured not unsuccessfully to break the power of the Empire, and thereby was unconsciously paving the way for the downfall of its own temporal greatness. In this struggle, which found its chief expression in the hard-fought battle about investitures, Mr. Reichel thinks the right was mainly with the Popes; "all the supporters of morality and learning and culture sided with the Pope, against the Emperors." He considers even the False Decretals, however unjustifiable in their origin, to have been necessary in those unsettled times for the protection of bishops against the encroachments of princes and powerful metropolitans, and observes that, "if Rome, in her pursuit of power, sometimes decided on the side of wrong, such instances of injustice were rare," and "her decisions were mostly just, and in the interests of morality." This verdict must, however, be considerably modified, on his own showing, when we come to the later period of the Papacy, "the Age of Decline," dating from Boniface VIII., when the pontiffs clutched greedily at every shadow of power as the substance was escaping from their grasp. This temper is amusingly illustrated by the fact that Boniface VIII., in whom the pretensions of the Papacy reached their most extravagant climax and met the most signal rebuff, added the second crown to the Papal tiara; while Urban V., sixty years later, when the Avignon Captivity had already shattered the temporal, and seriously weakened the spiritual, influence of the Holy See, added the third. Mr. Reichel's fairness is not less conspicuous in his estimate of the vexed question of clerical celibacy. While fully admitting that Hildebrand's leading object was to form the clergy into "a grand spiritual army," he insists—we think justly—that in the rude and lawless state of society at that period such an army was needed for spiritual and moral ends. It is certainly true that "all who wished to see a higher tone of morality, and believed in the spiritual functions of the clergy," were on Gregory's side. But it is not a little remarkable that the great champion of sacerdotalism, who expressly asserted that all government, except that of the priesthood, was established in sin and at the instigation of the devil, should have appealed to the secular power to enforce on the recalcitrant clergy the reform on which his heart was set. He ordered princes to refuse all religious offices from married priests, and to hinder them by force from officiating, even in the teeth of the bishops if necessary. How far it is true that this appeal to the lay power sowed the seeds of the revolt of Luther, "when the Teutonic laity threw off their allegiance to the Pope for ever," may perhaps be questioned. But it is abundantly clear from contemporary evidence that the state of clerical morality called for stringent measures. Bishop Rotherius goes so far as to complain that there was no one among the ranks of the clergy "qui non aut adulter aut sit _____," where, however, he explains that he regards a married cleric as an "adulterer." No power short of the Papal theocracy would have sufficed to enforce even partially—and it was never more than partially enforced—the great Hildebrandian reform, and we may admit the substantial justice of our author's statement that those Popes who most distinctly enunciated their lofty claims "deserve to be considered, not as aggressors doing violence to the common sense of their contemporaries, but rather as the champions of progress, helping to bring to birth the ideas already conceived in the minds of their fellow-Christians."

We shall not attempt to follow Mr. Reichel in detail through his sketch of mediæval history; and some points on which he has dwelt very felicitously, such as the influence of the anti-Popes and of the Crusades, we must pass over here. It may be well, however, just to observe that his triple division of the period under review will be found very helpful to the student. The "Age of Growth" naturally dates from Gregory the Great, who contributed more than any of his predecessors, or almost any of his successors, to establish that absolute sovereignty—the Papacy in place of the Primacy—which he so eagerly and sincerely disclaimed for himself; and it culminates in Gregory VII., who, after being "Pope-maker" through five Pontificates, ascended the throne of Peter in 1073, to introduce that "Age of Greatness" which reached its zenith a century later under Innocent III., and which began under a feeble and still more ambitious successor, Boniface VIII. (1294—1303), to totter to its fall. The leading characteristics and incidents of each successive period are well grouped together and presented in the separate chapters, and the result is to bring within moderate compass a graphic and accurate picture of the grand central institution of mediæval Christendom. There are, however, some inaccuracies of detail which the author would do well to correct in a future edition—one especially, which shall be mentioned presently. At the very beginning we are told that the "Apostolical Churches," of which one alone existed in the West, were those "in which the genuine apostolical tradition was be-

believed to have been handed down uncorrupted"; which is no doubt true, but the term was used to designate primarily a Church founded by an Apostle. We know not why, again, Mr. Reichel should tell us that the genuineness of the *Dictatus* of Gregory VII. has been called in question, without also telling us that the question has been conclusively set at rest by Giesebrecht; and we should much like to know the authority for his statement that the Roman Emperor was ordained a subdeacon at his coronation. That "he assisted the Pope in celebrating mass" proves nothing, for the subdeacon's office in the mass is often performed by persons in minor orders, and sometimes even by laymen; and the dalmatic, which is his distinctive dress, was—and we believe still is—one of the vestments worn at their coronation both by kings and queens, including our own, who are certainly not ordained to the subdiaconate. Mr. Reichel may have some evidence for his assertion, but he does not give it. It is a more serious blunder to speak of the charges on which the ill-fated Knights Templars were condemned as "perhaps true, more probably not so." Some of the alleged offences were of a kind to which the more animal natures in a religious Order bound down under stringent vows of celibacy are peculiarly prone, and it is far from unlikely that individuals among the Templars, as in other communities of that age, were guilty of them; there were other accusations as wildly improbable as the tales of preternatural wickedness which brought so many reputed witches to the stake. But, probable or improbable, there is not the faintest shadow of evidence for any of the charges brought against the Templars as a body; and the method of conducting their trial, both before the civil and ecclesiastical tribunals, was studiously arranged to secure, not the discovery, but the suppression, of the truth. The whole affair was as barefaced a plot as that of Titus Oates, concocted by the French lawyers for the purpose of replenishing the Royal exchequer, eagerly adopted by Philip—who may just possibly have contrived to remain ignorant of the utter groundlessness of the indictment by taking care to avoid all inquiry—and slavishly carried out by the obsequious Clement IV. at the Council of Vienne, where any bishop who ventured to open his lips in defence of the incriminated Order was threatened with the greater excommunication. It is something more than understating the case to speak after this of the charges being "perhaps true," unless indeed we are to assume of any accusation, however destitute of colourable pretext and however glaringly interested the motive of the accuser, that perhaps it is true until the negative is proved.

But Mr. Reichel's strangest slip—because it seems to betray an ignorance of the A B C of scholastic philosophy—occurs in his account of Wycliffe, whom he rightly represents as the assailant of the polity rather than the doctrine of the Church, and not in any proper sense the father of Protestant theology. However, he attacked the doctrine of Transubstantiation, most likely because he saw its intimate connexion with the status and influence of the priesthood. Far different is our author's explanation. The English type of mind had a natural affinity, he tells us, for realism then, as it has now for materialism, while the Germans were Nominalists, or Conceptualists, as now they are Idealists; and to Wycliffe, "as a staunch Realist, it seemed absurd to separate substance from its accidents," while "no such difficulty would be felt by a Nominalist." We read and re-read the two pages which Mr. Reichel devotes to this marvellous hypothesis to make sure we had read him rightly, but there can be no doubt of his meaning. Now, in the first place, "Realism" in the scholastic sense of the term—which differs *totò cœlo* from the sense in which it is applied to modern art—is not the prototype, but the antithesis, of "materialism" or "rationalism," which have far more in common with the Conceptualist and Nominalist schools of mediæval thought. And in the next place, so far from a Realist feeling any special difficulty about accepting Transubstantiation, the difficulty would be all the other way. It has been a not uncommon objection to that doctrine that it necessarily presupposes the Realist theory; and though the use of philosophical terms was purposely avoided as much as possible in the Tridentine definitions, as Möhler has pointed out, there can be no doubt that, to say the least, the dogma of the Real Presence, as formulated by the Schoolmen and officially endorsed by the Fourth Lateran Council, was expressed in the terms of the Realist philosophy, and is most naturally interpreted by it. It was not Realism, but Nominalism, which suggested the suspicion of heterodoxy both in this and other doctrines of the Church; and accordingly it was Abelard's adoption of that principle which formed the main ground of attack in St. Bernard's famous controversy with him about the doctrine of the Trinity. A Realist might demur to the separation of accidents from substance, except by miracle, but a Nominalist would raise the previous question, which no miraculous hypothesis could meet, as to the existence of any such thing as substance at all. It is strange that a writer on the mediæval Church, though concerned with its historical rather than its theological development, should so wholly misconceive the bearings of the scholastic system.

The concluding passage of the volume is a fair sample of the author's style, as well as of the spirit in which he looks at the conflict of the rival creeds of Christendom:—

If Christendom is ever again to be united so as to convince the world of the Divine mission of its Founder, such a union must neither be expected from the Latin system, with all its grandeur and attractiveness for lovers of the past and lovers of culture, nor yet from any particular form of Teutonic individualism and self-assertion, however flattering those forms may appear to human reason. Only a higher and more solid form of Catholicity can

join in one fold the Celt and the Teuton, the Greek and the Scythian, the Jew and the savage who shall yet be reclaimed from some country far remote—a Catholicity, in fact, which can look beyond its own narrow horizon and sink national peculiarities, and which can cultivate more deeply that one grace without which the tongue of men and angels will profit nothing. The prodigal waste of mental and moral forces in the middle ages for ends wholly incommensurate—for they had been no sooner attained than they were as soon lost—will not have happened in vain if over their grave a voice is heard reminding modern society of the great end for which Christ came into the world, and comparing with it the objects on which Christendom is from time to time wasting her energies. For what, after all, are national Churches but things of the day, passing forms in the development of Christianity? What are their exclusive pretensions to infallibility but tinkling brass and a sounding cymbal?

THE PARADISE OF BIRDS.*

IT is a perilous task to review Mr. Courthope's poem. He has called down the accumulated vengeance of all the fowls of the air on the head of the audacious critic who ventures to attack their friend. Nevertheless—so may we walk the rookeries unharmed, so may we watch the sparrows on our eaves without unpleasant thoughts of Tobit's fate—we will venture to make some remarks on the *Paradise of Birds*. We do so with the more confidence because the poem has really great merits, and is free from several of the faults of *Ludibria Luna*. In the first place, the plot is simpler, and therefore more intelligibly and consistently worked out. In the next place, the pages are not disfigured by notes of very questionable taste. And lastly, the book does not present the incongruity of a courtly poet waging a discourteous war, and helping to swell a rather vulgar cry.

Still too modest to venture on entire originality of form, Mr. Courthope has on this occasion chosen a framework more generally known than the stanzas of Tassoni. Amongst the comedies of Aristophanes it is not strange that he should select the *Birds*. Of all Aristophanes' plays this is the most brightly and airily fanciful, and it is less intimately concerned than the majority with current Athenian politics—a peculiarity which suits Mr. Courthope, who always rather affects to sit apart on a serene Olympus of his own, and thence smile gracefully at the follies of mankind.

The *Birds* of Aristophanes was brought out in the spring of 414 B.C. A year had not elapsed since the Peireus had witnessed the triumphant outset of that great and glorious armada which, besides its avowed and immediate object, was, as some enthusiasts hoped, to make Athens unquestioned mistress of the seas, and convert the Mediterranean into an Athenian lake. Yet things were not going well with Athens, either at home or abroad. From Sicily had arrived disquieting rumours of divided counsels among the generals, of unfriendly receptions, of anticipations unfulfilled. At home the religious sentiments of the people had been profoundly disturbed and outraged by the sacrilegious mutilation of the Hermæ, and the mysterious disclosures which had followed that event. The city had been full of suspicions, denunciations, arrests. The most honourable names had been compromised; no one felt himself safe from the informer. Politics were at such a time rather a dangerous ground for a satirist to tread on. And there were special reasons why Aristophanes should shun politics. His cause was not prospering. He had steadily opposed democracy and war. But now democracy was in the ascendant, and the war-fever had, after a short and delusive interval of peace, broken out with greater fury than ever. Moreover, there is reason to believe that some of the laws which subsequently shackled the license of political satire were already in operation. These reasons are enough to explain why the *Birds* marks the transition from Aristophanes' earlier to his later style. We are no longer wrangling with Cleon in the market-place, or presiding at a sham trial in an Athenian house. We catch allusions to contemporary events and characters, but faintly, and as from a distance. The tone of the poet is that of one who would lead his hearers' minds away from the toil and madness and bewilderment of realities to a freer and happier world of fancy. It is the *Midsummer Night's Dream* of the Athenian dramatist. From the time that Mr. Plausible and Mr. Hopeful, guided by their faithful jackdaw and crow, knock at King Hoopoe's doors, to the time when Cloudcuckoo-town has been successfully built and the gods have been starved into humble submission, we never tread on solid ground. The beauty of the play is as remarkable as its humour. With scenes of the most grotesque drollery are intermingled exquisite lyrical pieces which remind us that Aristophanes was not only the greatest satirist, but one of the sweetest singers of his time.

At the outset of Mr. Courthope's play, as at the outset of the *Birds*, we are introduced to two wayfarers in quest of the world of birds. But the motive of their pilgrimage bears a more direct reference to its goal than in the play of Aristophanes. A terrible plague has visited the earth, the deserved penalty for wantonness and crime. The schoolboy nest-plunderer and the aristocratic gun-club, the birdcatcher of St. Giles's, the vendor of plumes to the ladies of Mayfair, and the caterer of plovers' eggs and beccaficos to epicurean palates, have too effectually done their work. The race of birds has vanished from the earth, and has left behind a monstrous train of ills. In language which reminds us here and there of the consequences which ensued on Oberon's and Titania's strife, Mr. Courthope describes the insect plague under

* *The Paradise of Birds: an old Extravaganza in a Modern Dress.* By William John Courthope, Author of "*Ludibria Luna*." London & Edinburgh: Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 1870.

which the land lies sickening. It is under these circumstances that two patriotic citizens—Windbag, a poet, and Mareanest, a philosopher of the Darwinian school—set out to find the distant home to which the birds have withdrawn, in order to bring two eggs of every kind, and therewith stock the earth afresh. We are introduced to them seated on an iceberg drawn by a team of Polar bears, and scudding over the frozen sea towards the North Pole; for it is the unknown region of perpetual calm around the pole to which tradition—not to say the exhaustive results of geographical discovery, showing that it is nowhere else—points as being the Paradise of Birds. The philosopher at the foot of the iceberg is cold, and disposed to take a despondent and reproachful view of things; the poet, aloft in his crow's-nest, appreciates the romance more than the discomforts of the situation, and is more hopeful to boot. At last the poet sees and hears things which surpass description. We must leave him to give an approximate picture by means of familiar similes:—

Conceive, philosopher, conceive St. Paul's,
The dome made all of wind, of wind the walls,
And magnify your thought from base to cope,
As much as ant-eggs in a microscope.
Deem this wind-circle spinning without stop,
Ten times more swift than any top.
Throughout the whole circumference, breadth and height,
Imagine many a surplice, whirling, white;
As though, in place of tumbling flakes, were seen
The minor canons, choristers, and dean.
And, just as when the night-gusts rise and fall,
Suppose there issued from this windy wall
A dreary dirge, which all the world would grant
More doleful far than a Gregorian chant.

This windy wall surrounds the central calm, and forms a Purgatory in which, as in Dante's Hell, the souls of mortals who have sinned against the birds, whirled round in restless course, are doomed to pursue, incessantly and fruitlessly, the occupations which had constituted their crime. Here the two adventurers meet successively, and are addressed by, the souls of a birdcatcher, a cook, and a lady, the latter of whom, after having been enlightened as to the fashions now existing in the world, gives the travellers some information of a not very encouraging kind about the perils they will have to meet. Their consciences begin to prick them, and the images of goose-quills and too delicious wheat-ears rise up reproachfully; yet they proceed, pass through the windy circle, and reach the shore, round the extreme edge of which "a circle formed of many eggs, of enormous size and different colours, runs like a wall." This is the Limbo of the Obsolete, in which

Within the darkness of the shell
Myriads of hapless embryos dwell,
Whom addling destiny oppressed
In incubation on the nest,
And from their brooding mother snatched,
While the young chicken was unhatched.

In fact, birds that were extinct long ago, and birds that never existed—"the Roc, Dinornis, and Cock-horse." They boldly knock at the roc's egg, which serves as a porter's lodge, and a parley ensues, in which the disciple of progress expresses his contempt for the entities and nonentities of the past, and threatens them with the penalty of being hatched, whilst a "chorus of extinct embryos (in the shell)" retort in vigorous strophes on their irreverent and modern assailant—

a thing of two legs,
Yet not born out of eggs;
Nor ancient, but rather
Scarce knows his grandfather.
Who lives but a span,
Too broad in the haunches
For nesting in branches.
Roturier, roundhead, ridiculous man.

The philosopher, undaunted, proceeds to expound to the roc his theory of the origin of things from protoplasm and by means of natural selection, in lines which very happily imitate the famous "ornithogony" of Aristophanes. The conservative and orthodox mind of the roc is roused to fury by these novel and unsound speculations, but his wrath is assuaged by a hymn in honour of the Obsolete, composed and sung by the dexterous poet. Admitted through the roc's egg portal, the travellers pass into the Paradise of Birds, a charming region, in which their ears are soled by the long-unheard melody of birds. In the play of Aristophanes his birds quaver and trill in imitation of the too liquid strains of Euripides, and so it is but natural that their modern representatives should echo Swinburnian rhythms.

He will change sweet sleep into waking brightness;
He will spread warm weathers about the Pole;
He comes to cherish our hearts with lightness,
With warmth our feathers, with song the soul—

sings the lark as he welcomes the approach of the sun; whilst the nightingale philosophizes on man in lines of which the rhythm is equally unmistakable:—

Man that is born of a woman,
Man, her un-web-footed drake,
Featherless, beakless, and human,
Is what he is by mistake.
For they say that a sleep fell on Nature
In midst of the making of things;
And she left him a two-legged creature,
But wanting in wings.

Then comes the Aristophanic chorus of assembled birds:—

Kluk-uk-uk! kio! coo!
Peewet! caw-caw! cuckoo!

Tio! tuwheet! tuwhee! pipitopan!
Chilly, unfeathered, wingless, short-tethered,
Restless, bird-nestless, unfortunate man!

The adventurous mortals soon find themselves in perilous case. They are undoubted trespassers, and, besides, are recognised as belonging to a race who are the hereditary foes of the birds, and have done them innumerable and irreparable wrongs. By the directions of the Bird of Paradise, the Jackdaw, "clerk of all Paradise," reads out the law. "Whatever soul of herein-named things . . . enters, or comes nigh, near, through, to, into, Paradise—shall die." And so on through a long catalogue of offenders and penalties. A jury is summoned, and whilst they arrange themselves on a bough of a neighbouring tree, the chorus explains in anapests how all human institutions are derived from the birds. Things are going ill with the prisoners. The charges against them are heavy, and supported by evidence only too copious and weighty; and it is in vain that Windbag summons up all the resources of his rhetoric, and appeals to the names of Aristophanes, of Chaucer, of Gilbert White, as mortals who, in verse or prose, have paid due honours to the birds. The chorus are evidently moved by the mention of these revered names, and sing their acknowledgment in pretty lines; but, after all, law is law, and by the law it would seem that the trespassers must die. Luckily, however, they escape on a flaw in the indictment, like that which baffled Shylock. The law imposes penalties on souls, but makes no mention of bodies, which therefore cannot be touched without going beyond the law. The acquitted prisoners, ordered to declare the purpose of their embassy, propitiate their late judge by the offer of a gigantic cockchafer, such as never grew when birds existed on earth; and the play ends with their request being granted, and their departing on their iceberg with nests full of eggs of every kind of bird.

The loose slipper in which comic dialogue shuffles easily along is not to be measured by the same rule as the neat buskin of the stanza. We must not, therefore, be too severe if some of Mr. Courthope's lines are somewhat loosely jointed, and if occasional sacrifices are made to the exigencies of rhyme. That his cook should discourse in broken French is doubtless strictly in accordance with Aristophanic precedent. But, so far as we remember, the Boeotians and Spartans of Aristophanes never carry their dialect over many consecutive lines, whilst Mr. Courthope's cook continues his jargon till he rather bores us. Several passages of the dialogue are smart and amusing, but on the whole we think that the lyrical episodes of the poem are by far the most successful. Mr. Courthope's forte is grace rather than wit; there is a good deal more honey than sting in his composition. The form of the work admits of a much greater variety of metre than his previous poem, and he has used it to show that, in addition to powers of graceful description, he has a musical ear, and a great command of metre. All his strophes flow easily along, and some of them are very pretty.

So far we have judged the poem purely from the point of view of art. Mr. Courthope, however, seems to intimate in his preface that a high moral purpose underlies his work. There are some ingenious critics who find in Aristophanes a kind of prophet in his generation, conscious of a mission to stem the increasing tide of democracy and immorality. Mr. Courthope apparently aims at playing the same part, and the bugbear that he assails is the materialism which miscalls itself progress and science. In one respect he is a more consistent prophet than his prototype. Aristophanes was, we are sorry to say, too often guilty of irreverence and indecency. Mr. Courthope is unimpeachably orthodox, and the most modest young lady could not find a line to blush at in his poems. On the other hand, Aristophanes is far more racy. We have no objection to Mr. Courthope's announcing himself as the apostle of sentiment, as well as the patron of the birds, though we may doubt whether his preaching will produce any great moral effect. But he preaches so prettily that he ought to be sure of finding hearers, if not disciples.

THORNTON [ON LABOUR.*

MR. THORNTON'S book on Labour has, as we are glad to see, reached a second edition. Both the theories which it propounds and the facts which it describes deserve the serious attention of persons interested in the subject. We shall not dwell upon Mr. Thornton's facts beyond remarking that the accounts which he gives of the success of co-operative associations are as good a statement as can easily be found of one of the most important movements of the present day. There may be some difference of opinion as to the degree in which the future relations between labourers and capitalists will be remodelled in accordance with his views. There can be none as to the real value of the results obtained, and the cheering indications which they afford of genuine capacity for improvement amongst the more intelligent part of the working-classes.

The information, however, owing in some measure to Mr. Thornton's publications, is already familiar to most of our readers. We prefer, therefore, to dwell chiefly upon the more theoretical part of his book, although, owing to the extent of ground which it covers, we can only dwell upon some of the leading arguments. Besides Mr. Thornton's own merits, his argument is interesting as having elicited from Mr. Mill a very remarkable expression of opinion. "The doctrine hitherto taught by all or most economists (including myself)," says Mr. Mill, "which denied it to be pos-

* On Labour. By W. T. Thornton. Second Edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1870.

able that trade combinations can raise wages, or which limited their operation in that respect to the somewhat earlier attainment of a rise which the competition of the market would have produced without them—this doctrine is deprived of its scientific value, and must be thrown aside." This is so remarkable a re-antation that the grounds upon which it rests certainly deserve examination. In his second edition Mr. Thornton has expanded the chapter to which Mr. Mill chiefly refers; and we may therefore assume that we have in its strongest form the argument against what may still be called the orthodox theory.

Mr. Thornton begins by raising certain objections to the ordinary doctrine that the price of any commodity is fixed by what is called the equation of supply and demand. Now, without examining the particular cases alleged, there is one question which naturally occurs, and to which Mr. Thornton labours very hard to find an answer. If supply and demand do not in some sense determine price, what does? After discussing this problem for some time, Mr. Thornton comes to the conclusion that price is regulated by competition; and if we ask what determines competition, the "simple answer is, Nothing." It depends partly on individual necessity, partly on individual discretion, and for these there can be no law. In other words, Mr. Thornton can give no answer at all. And yet it is obvious at first sight that there must be some kind of answer. It is not a mere matter of accident whether a quarter of wheat sells for fifty pence, or fifty shillings, or fifty pounds. A competition is a sort of battle. The victory, within certain limits, will of course depend upon individual acuteness; but if, as we may say even of a battle, victory inclines in the long run to the largest battalions or the longest purse, we can surely ask what are the conditions which will secure victory to one party in a bargain, and to what extent the victory may be pushed. In the case of wheat, as just noticed, there can be no difficulty in fixing the predominating influences. If the number of mouths is fixed, the price will fall with a good harvest and rise with a bad one; that is to say, speaking roughly, it will vary inversely as the supply. If, again, the quantity of corn is fixed, it will increase or diminish with the number of mouths; or, in other words, will vary directly as the demand. It will come to a level when, on an average, the demand is just sufficient to take off the supply; and this point, again, will be determined by the cost of production. Now Mr. Thornton recognises these obvious commonplaces, and even quotes instances in which they are operative. He tells us very truly that the price of bread may increase indefinitely in a besieged city—that is, where the demand is in a very large proportion to the supply. He says that "taking advantage of other people's necessities is the very essence of commercial enterprise," and quotes the case of Joseph in Egypt, or of merchant princes foreseeing a dearth of tallow. In other words, the essence of commerce is knowing that a high price follows on a limited supply and a large demand. How then does Mr. Thornton differ from the accepted teaching? Chiefly, it would seem, in two ways. In the first place, he gives some special instances in which the demand or supply may be constant at several prices; when, for example, a horse may be sold for fifty pounds, or three horses for fifty pounds apiece. We should never deny that such cases may occur, but we deny that they are worth taking into account in framing general rules. If there was a demand at existing prices for three times as many horses as are actually brought to market, we conceive it to be as certain that the price of horses would rise in England as that the price of corn would rise in case of a famine like that of Egypt. Secondly, which is of more importance, he admits that what he calls a "prospective demand and supply" have a great and in certain cases a "paramount authority." That is, people take into account not only the amount actually exposed for sale, but that which is likely to be exposed within a limited time. Nothing can be truer; and it explains what we conceive to be the real value of Mr. Thornton's speculations. The market price, as it is called, is fixed entirely by demand and supply. The instantaneous price, as we may call it—the rate at which commodities are actually exchanged for money at a given time—varies within certain limits which are incapable of precise definition. If the stream which flows into a lake is greater than that which flows out, the average level of the lake will rise; but fifty different circumstances—the force of the wind, the pressure of the atmosphere, the imperfect fluidity of the water—may depress or raise the level at any given point. In other words, any abstract law of science is modified by the interference of various circumstances when it is embodied in concrete facts. The market price differs from the instantaneous price because the various conditions noticed by Mr. Thornton—the expectations of dealers and purchasers, their skill in bargaining and so on—affect the level of prices at a given moment. The price which a man pays for a pair of gloves on entering a shop does not depend on a comparison between the strength of his demand and the number of gloves which the shopman has on his shelves. Still the law of supply and demand holds true in this sense, that if more gloves are flowing into the market from the manufacturers than are flowing out of it to purchasers, the average price will be lowered. Mr. Thornton lays exclusive stress on the incalculable circumstances which determine the amplitude of the oscillation; he does not see, or rather he does not sufficiently estimate, the natural forces which confine those oscillations within moderate limits.

We by no means deny that, in calling attention to the conditions by which the operation of the law is masked, Mr. Thornton is doing a good service. The question of most practical importance is whether, under any circumstances, the oscillations, if we

may so speak, can be entirely one-sided; whether, that is, the market price can be permanently depressed or elevated below or above the natural price. This is best discussed in connexion with the most important application of Mr. Thornton's theory, to which we have already adverted. Mr. Mill agrees with Mr. Thornton in holding that the price of labour is a case in which the divergence from the natural rate may be wide and permanent. We agree with them in exceedingly disliking the ordinary cant about "inexorable laws," and sympathize to some extent with their assault upon the imaginary wage-fund, which is frequently mentioned as though it were as definite and unchangeable as the interest on the National Debt. Mr. Thornton points out various circumstances which operate unfavourably against labourers. The value of their labour is determined, he says, contrary to the ordinary rule, by the competition of dealers instead of the competition of customers; the labourers, being unable to wait, are forced to sell at a disadvantage; whilst the masters, though seldom as yet forming an avowed combination, tacitly agree to depress the rate of wages. There are indeed two obvious limits; but within them the rate of wages may vary to almost any extent. They must keep the labourers above starvation point; and they must not absorb all the means of the masters. But within that wide range they will be fixed simply by a competition in which, for the reasons assigned, labourers without combination are at a great disadvantage.

Are there then no other governing circumstances? Mr. Thornton admits that there are; and his admissions go a long way to confirm the ordinary theory. He admits that, in a great number of cases, that theory holds good. A general rise of wages can only come out of profits. A rise in wages in a particular trade will generally repel capital, as a fall in wages will attract it. The gain to the labourers will be won at their own subsequent loss. They will be killing the goose to get the golden eggs; or at most they will be anticipating a rise which would have come sooner or later by the natural operation of competition. Even if the rise in wages were for a time general, the accumulation of capital, and therefore the demand for labour, would be diminished. In all these cases, then, the principle against which Mr. Thornton apparently protests is admitted by him to hold good. There is a natural tendency in wages to oscillate about a certain point, and that point is fixed by supply and demand. If capital, which expresses the demand for labour, flows into a trade, wages rise; if it flows out, they fall; and a combination which insists upon a rise of wages is simply raising the price, and thereby checking the demand, according to the ordinary assumption. Mr. Thornton, however, proceeds to analyse the possible cases in which a permanent advance of wages may be obtained, and declares that these cases are rather the rule than the exception. We think that in this analysis he sometimes falls into the common and rather subtle error of confusing a demand for commodities with a demand for labour. He thus sanctions, or seems at times to sanction, the fallacy, exposed by Mr. Mill, that a rise of wages may be compensated by a rise in prices. Such a rise of wages in a particular trade really involves the withdrawal of circulating capital from other trades, and therefore does not raise the total demand for labour. It is simply a case in which one body of workmen succeeds in attracting to itself an increased share of the wage-fund—if we may use that term without prejudice. Not to dwell, however, upon this rather intricate point, the six cases which he gives may be reduced to the three following. In the first place, where there is a monopoly in a given trade, the conditions tacitly assumed above are not accurately verified. Capital cannot flow in freely, and the particular producer enjoys an increased profit analogous to rent. If labourers are sufficiently combined, they may force him to share the profit with them. If, for example, a man had the only quicksilver mine in the world, and labourers generally refused to work without a higher rate of wages than the average, it might be worth his while to pay it, as he would still receive more than the average profits. The next case is that in which the rise of wages is illusory so far as the whole body of labourers is concerned, which seems to comprise the greatest number; and Mr. Thornton himself points out this result. The last case is that in which the rise of wages is merely an anticipation of a rise which would otherwise take place more slowly. In many cases this is a highly important consideration. In an agricultural district, for example, where competition of all kinds is languid, the farmers may for a long time succeed in keeping wages down without attracting capital or causing labourers to emigrate. That is, the supply and demand adjust themselves very slowly, as the want of perfect fluidity in water might long prevent it from finding its own level. But, even then, the tendency exists, though it is undoubtedly very slow of realization.

It would seem, then, that Mr. Thornton does not, after all, differ so widely as he supposes from accepted principles. He admits that the governing influences are those generally assigned; but he calls attention to the fact that they do not act with that rapidity and precision which is sometimes assigned to them. The only case not distinctly taken into account on the ordinary theory is that of labourers securing a share of the advantages of a monopoly; though in the case where this implies a rise of prices, the advantage gained will accrue to a particular body of labourers to the disadvantage of the rest. Mr. Thornton himself points out these conclusions in the following passage:—

In a country commercially stationary, when a permanent advance of wages is obtained artificially by Unionist action there must needs be a

corresponding lowering of wages in other trades. Even in a country commercially progressive, it is impossible for Unionism to raise wages in any particular trade without causing the demand for the produce of other trades to be less than it would have been, or without equally checking the demand for labour in those other trades.

Is not this the assertion of something like an "inexorable law," and one, moreover, depending upon "the demand for labour"? We need only add that a general rise of wages could only be obtained at the cost of discouraging the saving power of the community, and we do not see why any reasonable advocate of established doctrines should hesitate to accept Mr. Thornton's teaching. He lays additional stress upon some circumstances which have been too much neglected; but we should certainly say that, so far as his arguments are sound, they rather develop and complete than controvert previous conclusions.

We have left ourselves no space to consider the practical importance of his additions to the theory; and we may leave that question to the judgment of our readers. Nor can we dwell upon Mr. Thornton's discussions of the moral principles involved. To our minds this is the least satisfactory part of his book; as he relies upon what we hold to be an erroneous and exploded theory. We need only add that it is impossible to read what he has written without admiring his zeal in a great cause, and the pains which he has taken in working out some very intricate, and, to most people, very repulsive lines of argument.

MY LITTLE LADY.*

THERE are certain female characters in novels which remind one of nothing so much as of a head by Greuze—fresh, simple, yet of the "cunningly simple" type, "innocent-arch," and intensely natural. This does not mean natural in the realistic sense, as a good copy of a social being moulded under the law of conventionality, but a portrait of free life where the social law has had little or no influence; one of the "clothed savages" of civilization, fierce or loving, wild or sweet, according to the individuality. "My Little Lady" is a character of this Greuze-like kind; which however must not be ranked with a Raffaele or a Leonardo; in some aspects recalling Archie Lovel, in the novel of that name, but with more tenderness and less audacity, more inherent femininity and less danger of coarseness than that young person displayed. The two portraits, however, suggest identity of type, if there are vast differences in treatment; and both are creatures after the law of nature, and not after the conventions of society.

Madelon or Madeleine Linders, "my little lady," is the daughter of a notorious gambler; and her absolute innocence and apparent precocity in the midst of the feverish, rather than corrupt, atmosphere in which she passes her first childhood, are well described and not over-stated. Great skill too is shown in the manner in which Linders, the gambler, is depicted; and in the inferential distinction made between a vice of habit and a sin of constitution, and the suggestion how, with an evil habit in full activity, there can yet be certain courses left pure, where it does not penetrate. There was a temptation to make a professed gambler either so brutalized in his vice as to be unconscious of virtue in any form, or else as seized every now and then with a kind of sentimental remorse, which would cause him to hate himself for his villainy, but would leave him just as vile as before. These are the two most general recipes for a villain, but both these dangers are avoided; and the author has painted Linders as just a selfish man of low moral perceptions, who has taken to a questionable profession as a means of livelihood, but who regards it as a profession, not a vice or an indulgence; a man with affectionate impulses, and not bad by intention so much as unable to perceive the nobler range of virtues. And there is no small ability shown in thus contriving to separate what we may call the secondary sins from the primary; those which are sins according to the higher development of the moral sense and the greater responsibilities of society, and those which are sins of a more radical kind, affecting the very bases on which society rests. A telling point might have been made of Linders's taking Madelon about with him, and keeping her always near him while he played, if the author had brought into this action the possible motive of the gambler's superstitious faith in the child's good luck, as well as the father's love. All gamblers are superstitious, and the mysterious power of good fortune radiating from an innocent child is a favourite belief everywhere. Once, and once only, this idea is made a little use of, when Madelon rushes to the Redoute at Spa to make a fortune for Horace, stakes her small all, wins, stakes and wins again with inviolable luck; and a gaudily-dressed woman, relying on her "good chances," gives her money to stake for her, and gains in consequence. Yet, on the other hand, though Madelon might have been pressed into this sort of service at the public tables, with effect to the story and not beyond the lines of probability, we more than question the author's supposition of a little pale-faced brown-eyed child being allowed to mark or deal for her father in hard private play—play which was business, and where card-sharping was not absolutely impossible. Such play as this is generally too severe for the introduction of any graceful adjuncts whatever; but the picture which the child makes, nestled up to her father's side, innocent and fresh in the midst of the terrible earnest of the scene, and yet alive to

what is passing if ignorant of its deeper meaning, is too pretty to be lost from its place, notwithstanding that it is much more pretty than likely. We may add that all the introspection and mental analysis of this part of Madelon's young life seems to us too much elaborated, and too often repeated. A good idea has been in danger of being washed away altogether by a flood of words and continually recurring descriptions. There is very little to be said about the mental life of a young child. It is a simple series of pictures—of perceptions, with ignorance on the one hand to blur, and imagination on the other to distort; but the amount of moral consciousness is very small. Indeed it strikes us that Madelon is painted as too young all through, from the moment when, as a child of two years old, she balances herself on her tiptoes and does not fall on her face, to the time when, as a little girl of ten or eleven, she escapes from the convent with such mature cleverness and foresight. The artificial need of representing the heroine as so very young spoils the lifelikeness of many a story, and "my little lady" would have been all the more lifelike if she had had at least five years added to her at each turn of her career.

The story is very simple and inartificial. It sets forth the loves and sorrows of a little motherless girl, whose father takes her about with him from one hotel to another, and one gambling-place to another, and neither sends her to school nor to church, has her taught neither to sew nor to pray—in fact has her taught nothing but how to make a fortune with ten francs at the rouge-et-noir or roulette tables, how to dance, to sing, to play écarté, and mark correctly. Living thus at the feet of the nomadic *roués* and gamblers who wander from station to station according to the season, she meets with a young doctor of about twenty (she at this time being about six), one Horace Graham, who takes a fancy to her, makes friends with her, and gives her as a keepsake a green and gold fish from off his watch-chain. By chance a few years afterwards they meet again, at the very moment when her father gets his death by an accident consequent on vertigo, and the young doctor is thus enabled to be of use both to the dying man and to the child. He promises to undertake the safe conveyance of the latter to her aunt, the Lady Superior of a convent near Liège. Here he leaves the poor little born Bohemian; and a hard time she has of it, shut up in a gloomy cell, where a fleshless skull grins down on her disturbed slumbers, and frightens her nearly into a fit, until she gathers courage from desperation, and flings the horror through the window in the middle of the night; unmindful of the broken glass and the catarrh which followed. Good as Madelon was, according to the light of nature, she was anything but good according to the scheme of convent morals; therefore she was perpetually in disgrace, and made excessively unhappy in consequence. Her aunt rarely sees her, but when she does she is grim and terrible; and the sister to whose special care she is consigned is notable mainly for her skill in compute-making and in ecclesiastical embroidery, also for a certain heavy quiescent good-humour which is not always soothing to a highly-wrought organization. After two years of misery Madelon has an illness, and finally resolves on running away after hearing that her aunt, the Lady Superior, who has died meanwhile of fever, had left an injunction that she should be made to take the veil when old enough—a thing which her dying father had forbidden, and which she had solemnly promised not to do. Besides, she had no vocation. She was even then in love with Horace Graham; and she liked cards and the rattle of the dice. After a few adventures, which are very well told, she is picked up fainting and half-dead by one Jeanne-Marie, who keeps a restaurant at the small village of Le Trooz, taken to her home, nursed, tended, and brought back to life and strength once more.

Perhaps the character, or sketch rather, of Jeanne-Marie is the most artistic thing in the book. A kind, sad, but unpleasant, because repelling woman, with a sorrow and a secret, both of which are concealed not only from the world, but also from the reader—there is a breadth and boldness in the conception and execution of this sketch which goes beyond the lines of the rest of the story. It shows a higher power of manipulation, and a deeper insight into dramatic tragedy, than any other part; and the very vagueness of her past, and the omission of all details, invest Jeanne-Marie with a weird kind of sublimity which augurs well for the author's future work. However, possessed with an ardent desire to make a fortune for Horace Graham by the means only too familiar to her, Madelon leaves her sad, kind, silent benefactress, and goes off to Spa, where she plays and wins; encounters Horace, who flings away all her gains, and nearly breaks her heart in doing so; and is finally taken possession of by him, and handed over to Mrs. Treherne, his mother's sister and her mother's oldest and best friend. By this lady she is brought over to England, and kept in the dull if honourable captivity of an English country-house in the heart of Cornwall till she grows up to be a young lady of eighteen or so, and to understand the first principles of social morality.

For some years now Horace has been engaged to one Maria Leslie, a pink-faced, blue-eyed, methodical young lady whose heart is in her routine of daily duties, and who neither desires strong emotions for her own part, nor can comprehend them in others. She is the typical blonde English miss, and by no means a creature on whom to spend much poetic warmth. Such as she is, however, she and Horace are engaged, and make about the coolest, least distracted, yet most honourable pair of lovers that can be imagined; neither caring a straw about the other, or pretending to do so, yet neither dreaming of breaking the engagement.

* *My Little Lady*. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1871.

And now the slightness of work which, in its breadth of indication, was so admirable in Jeanne-Marie, is poor, because merely hazy and incomplete, in Maria Leslie. Her love for the curate should have been more artfully suggested, bearing always in mind the need of subordinating inferior interests to the one or two central points of a story. Still it comes upon the reader with a certain sense of rawness, and has an abrupt and isolated position in the story that is not art. If some of the over-elaboration bestowed on Madelon's childhood had been transferred to the character and conduct of Maria Leslie, *My Little Lady* would have been more harmoniously balanced; but very few writers, and those only of the first class, understand this nice adjustment of relative strength and distinctness, and our present author is not singular in having so far failed of perfection.

How the story ends we will not say; but one thing we wish specially to notice—the number of vivid and very charming pictures which the book presents. The opening scene where Horace Graham first sees Madelon in a “shabby little merino frock and white pinafore,” teaching her pink-toed doll to dance, by the side of the little garden waterfall in the peaceful dewy morning; the white overwrought sobbing little creature who clings to him, almost a stranger but her sole friend now that her father lies still and silent on the bed; the dark little figure wandering along the moon-lighted and deserted road, flying from duress to desolation, and from sorrow to still deeper suffering, and only not afraid in the terrible solitude of the night because so much more afraid of what she has left; the sick child at Le Trooz, listening to the warm summer wind stirring the vine-leaves at the window, and looking out on the space of dark star-strewn sky—these, and many more, are delightful pictures which the author has tenderly described, and in her very tenderness and delicacy betrayed her sex. Indeed the whole book is charming; quietly told, quietly thought, without glare or flutter, and interesting in both character and story; and though its aim is not ambitious nor its scope wide, it is well done for what it claims to be, and, if slight of kind, is thoroughly good of its kind.

KENNAN'S TENT LIFE IN SIBERIA.*

MR. KENNAN has written a very interesting book. He has travelled over a part of Siberia about which very little has hitherto been known. The adventures he met with by the way, the characteristics of the various tribes with whom he sojourned, and the general features of the country have furnished him with an ample supply of materials, and he has succeeded in putting them together into a very readable shape.

It will be remembered that, after the failure of the first Atlantic Cable, an American Telegraph Company conceived the idea of laying an overland line to Europe *via* Alaska, Behring's Straits, and Siberia. The idea was a bold one, for it necessitated in the first instance the exploration of nearly six thousand miles of unbroken wilderness, extending from Vancouver's Island to Behring's Straits, and from the western side of the Straits to the Chinese frontier, over a great part of which frost and snow reigned supreme for nine months in the year. But notwithstanding the difficulties in the way of even the preliminary surveys, a Company was readily formed, and exploring parties were organized to undertake the survey of the different portions of the proposed line. Some were despatched to find a practicable route through Columbia and Alaska, and another expedition started to explore the almost unknown regions of North-Eastern Siberia. From the pens of Messrs. Whymper and Dall we have already had accounts of the travels of the explorers on the eastern side of the Straits, and in the work before us Mr. Kennan supplies us with a graphic narrative of the adventures of their fellow-workers in North-Eastern Asia. In the summer of 1865 the Siberian party, consisting but of four travellers—namely, Major Abaza, a Russian; and Messrs. Mahood, Bush, and Kennan—sailed from San Francisco for Petropavlovski. Here they separated, Messrs. Mahood and Bush continuing their voyage to the Amoor River, with orders to explore the country northwards between that point and the Russian seaport of Okhotsk, while the Major and the author, with an American fur-trader named Dodd, whose services had been enlisted at Petropavlovski, started overland through the peninsula of Kamchatka to the town of Geeshega on the line of the proposed route from Behring's Straits to the Amoor, from which place one was to go westward to meet Mahood and Bush, and the two others were to spy out the land northward to the Russian trading station of Anadyrak.

The stay made by the travellers at Petropavlovski was only long enough to allow them to make the necessary preparations for their overland journey. A visit to the monument of La Perouse, and to the entrenchments which were thrown up to resist the attack of the Allies during the Crimean War, exhausted the sights of the village of St. Peter and St. Paul, which would seem quite to fulfil the promise of internal dreariness indicated by its outward appearance. The author thus describes his first view of it from the sea:—

A little cluster of red-roofed and bark-thatched log-houses; a Greek church of curious architecture, with a green painted dome; a strip of beach, a half-ruined wharf, two whale-boats, and the dismantled wreck of a half-sunken vessel.

* *Tent Life in Siberia, and Adventures among the Koraks and other Tribes in Kamchatka and Northern Asia.* By George Kennan. With a Map. New York: Putnam & Son. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.

The peninsula of Kamchatka, through which their route lay, measures in extreme length about seven hundred miles. It is almost entirely of volcanic origin, and the huge rugged chain of mountains by which it is longitudinally divided comprises at the present day five or six volcanoes in a state of almost uninterrupted activity. The climate of its central and southern portion is, strange to say—for the latitude is about that of Moscow—comparatively mild and equable, and in the deep sequestered valleys formed by the spurs of the central range of mountains the vegetation has an almost tropical freshness and luxuriance. The population consists of Russians, Kamtchadals, and Wandering Koraks, and is estimated by Mr. Kennan at about 5,000. The Kamtchadals, who constitute by far the largest class, are a good-tempered, unsophisticated race, in appearance shorter and less active than the Siberians, and presenting in their features unmistakable signs of Mongol origin. Amongst these people the exploring party met with every civility, and found no difficulty in hiring men, horses, or boats, as occasion required, along their route. From Petropavlovski their route lay across the mountains in rear of that port to Sharon on the head-waters of the Kamchatka River. Here they found rafts prepared for them, on which they were to glide down the Kamchatka to the village of Kloochay. Stretched on the open decks of these boats, covered to a depth of six inches with fragrant flowers and freshly-cut hay, they floated slowly down the river, through ranges of snow-clad mountains, past forests glowing with yellow and crimson and vast steppes waving with tall wild grass, while ever and anon a bend of the river would disclose to them some sheltered nook where cowslips, violets, and wild roses clustered round the neat garden fences of a waterside village. On the eleventh day from Petropavlovski they arrived at Kloochay, a village nestled at the foot of the volcano Kloochefskoi, and destined, in the opinion of the author, at some future day to become the Pompeii of this eastern Vesuvius. Up to this point they had followed much the same route as that taken by M. de Lesseps in 1786-87; but from Kloochay, instead of following directly northwards, they diverged to Tigil, a port on the western coast of the peninsula, partly to make arrangements for sending a whale-boat to the head of the bay, that in case they found the northern steppes impassable by land they might cross over to Geeshega by water before the setting in of winter. As far as Tigil their means of travelling had been comparatively luxurious, and the difficulties of the route insignificant, but from this point the hardships of the undertaking began, and the chief interest of Mr. Kennan's book may be said to date. They were now about to enter a wilderness of which little was known even by the Kamtchadal guides; snow, although it was only September, had already begun to fall, and their route lay immediately over the central range of mountains where it breaks off abruptly in a long line of tremendous precipices into the Okhotsk Sea. After innumerable perils and one fruitless attempt, they succeeded in crossing this formidable barrier in dog-sleighs, and, worn out with fatigue and benumbed with cold, were at length safely landed at a Korak encampment on the northern steppes.

The Wandering Koraks, whose acquaintance the author now made for the first time, are, in spite of their dirt and filthy habits, endued with many admirable qualities. Their nomad life has developed in them a boldness, impatience of restraint, and perfect self-reliance which distinguishes them from their more settled neighbours, while their perfect freedom from the contaminating evils of civilization has left them honest, truthful, and sincere. They know no law, recognise no chief, and in bands of six or eight families, accompanied with their herds of reindeer, wander over the steppes, halting wherever sufficient pasture and their own inclination may direct. Their sole available property consists in reindeer, to secure pasture for which is the main object of their lives. In return for this care the reindeer supplies all their wants:—

Besides carrying them from place to place, he furnishes them with clothes, food, and covering for their tents; his antlers are made into rude implements of all sorts; his sinews are dried and pounded into thread; his bones are soaked in seal oil and burned for fuel; his entrails are cleaned, filled with tallow, and eaten; his blood mixed with the contents of his stomach is made into “manyalla” (or Korak bread); his marrow and tongue are considered the greatest of delicacies; the stiff, bristly skin of his legs is used to cover snow-shoes; and finally his whole body, sacrificed to the Korak god, brings down upon his owners all the spiritual and temporal blessings which they need.

Their religious belief is described by Mr. Kennan as being “that corrupted form of Buddhism known as Shamanism.” Mr. Kennan has evidently but a very faint idea of what Buddhism is, and in making this assertion he has been guilty of a libel on a religion which, however mistaken, is far removed from the degraded superstitions which form the faith of the Koraks. Between these two forms of religion there is no connexion whatever, except that the priests of both faiths are in Eastern Asia called Shamans. The followers of Korak Shamanism do not recognise the existence of any supreme beneficent Being, but worship only the evil spirits who are supposed to be embodied in all the mysterious powers and manifestations of nature, and their Shamans bear a much closer resemblance to the medicine men of the North American Indians than to the priests of any, even the most debased, form of Buddhism.

At the second encampment visited by the travellers on their northward journey, they were fortunate enough to arrive just as a Korak wedding was about to be celebrated, and certainly in the history of marriages the Korak stands alone in quaintness of idea and ceremonial. On the occasion referred to, the travellers were

invited to join an assembly of Koraks sitting in solemn conclave in the largest tent in the encampment. After a long consultation among the elders of the party, a signal was given, and a stern-looking Korak entered with an armful of willow and alder branches, which he proceeded to distribute opposite the pologs, or compartments formed of skins, which surround the inner circumference of all Korak tents. At a further signal a party of women took up the rods, and stationed themselves in twos and threes at the entrance of each of the pologs. When all were ready the bride accompanied by the bridegroom was led in by her father, and without more ado suddenly darted into the nearest polog, and began a rapid flight from polog to polog round the tent. The bridegroom instantly followed in hot pursuit, but the women who were stationed at the various pologs "threw every impediment in his way, tripping up his unwary feet, holding down the curtains to prevent his passage, and applying the willow and alder switches unmercifully to a very susceptible part of his body as he stooped to raise them." To overtake the bride against such obstacles was of course hopeless. By the time the bridegroom had got half-way round the tent his bride had reached the last polog by the door, where, to the surprise of the American spectators, instead of making good her escape from the tent, she remained quietly concealed and allowed the battered bridegroom to rejoin her. At the conclusion of this ceremony the company dispersed and the wedding was over. The object of this quaint custom, as explained to the author, is to give the bride a chance of changing her mind at the last moment, but of course it really is a relic of the "form of capture in marriage," about which Mr. McLennan has so learnedly discoursed.

At Kamenoi, in the extreme north of the peninsula, the travellers left the territory of the Wandering Koraks and entered the country of their settled brethren. In many respects the change was for the worse. Instead of the simplicity and truthfulness of the wanderers of the steppes they found among the settled Koraks nothing but brutality, insolence, and dishonesty. Fortunately the travellers' stay among these degenerate people was short, and after a few days' travelling in the covered sledges of the country they arrived at the Russian town of Geezhega. Here they separated, the Major going westward to Okhotsk, where he expected to meet the party from the Amoor, while the author and Dodd started in a northerly direction from the town of Anadyrsk, the ultima thule of Russian civilization. The cold on this part of the route was intense; the thermometer frequently stood at 35 degrees below zero, and during the whole journey of from twenty to thirty days they passed only two settlements. However, in spite of snow and ice, they arrived at last at their destination, and were received with open arms by the Anadyrskians. On the Sunday after Christmas Day the priest gave in their honour a grand ball, to which all the inhabitants of the four villages composing the township of Anadyrsk were invited. The manner of conducting this festive meeting was sufficiently curious to be recorded. The proceedings commenced by the consumption of a vast amount of raw, frozen cranberries and fish; and then the orchestra, consisting of two violins, two guitars, and a huge comb prepared with a piece of paper in a manner familiar to all boys, struck up a lively Russian dance. At this signal a man dressed in a spotted deer-skin coat and buckskin pantaloons sprang into the centre of the room, and, beginning with the lady nearest him, danced in succession with every lady present. As partner succeeded partner the dancing became more and more furious, until "suddenly the man dropped down on his stomach on the floor at the feet of his partner, and began jumping around like a huge broken-legged grasshopper upon his elbows and the ends of his toes." This was his final effort, and he eventually retired, with the perspiration rolling down his cheeks, to refresh himself with more cranberries. Various dances now succeeded, and as no man retired to cranberries until he had danced with every lady in the room, the night, as may be imagined, was one of no idle dalliance.

Our space will not allow to follow the fortunes of our author any further; suffice it to say that, just as, in spite of innumerable difficulties, the entire route of the proposed line had been successfully surveyed, the news reached the travellers that the Atlantic Cable was a complete success, and that therefore the Company had decided to abandon the project of an overland line to Russia. Thus ended the undertaking, which, though unproductive of the result intended, will yet be gratefully remembered by the reading world as having been instrumental in producing two such excellent books of travel as those written by Messrs. Kennan and Whymper.

SEERS OF THE AGES.*

OUR readers may remember that a few weeks ago we introduced them to the great Harmonial Philosophy of America, which threatens to supplant all other philosophies, and religions too. We dwelt chiefly on the practical precepts of this new revelation rather than on its great moral and philosophical truths. We hoped that some persons might be induced so to elevate or to subdue the body, by a rigid adherence to these precepts, as gradually to fit themselves to penetrate more deeply into these mysteries. Our great prophet, Brother A. J. Davis, commonly called the Poughkeepsie Seer, did not after all exact from the uninitiated more than may be reasonably expected from those who have tough

stomachs and tougher skulls. He called for vast libations of onion soup, together with smittings of the posterior part of the head and magnetic sweatings. Not only—unlike most other philosophers—did he allow of onion soup *ad libitum*, but he even allowed souls thirsty from the magnetic sweating to drink freely of a delicious spring beverage composed of liquorice and other choice compounds. He was assuredly fully justified in concluding his treatise with the assurance that "the ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness." Never surely has philosophy decked herself out more pleasantly or more alluringly. She has not come, as heretofore, with suffering and want in one hand, and barren knowledge in the other. She has come, on the contrary, bearing in her left hand bowls of onion soup and spring beverage, and with her right gently guiding the refreshed traveller to "the summer land." She has all, or almost all, the allurements of Mahometanism, with onion soup added to them. Fast as the Crescent flew through the world, still faster will fly the sign of the soup-bowl. For such, we assume, is the sign of the new religion, since we are told that "its symbols are circles, its baptisms the fervent pressure of warm hands [warm, no doubt, from the magnetic sweatings] and the sweet breathings of guardian angels." Whether the sweetness of the breathings of the guardian angels will be in anywise due to their communion in the soup we are not initiated enough to know. Perhaps it may be partially due to their having previously received from their brothers here on earth too large a portion of the incense of the new religion, which "incense is gentle words." With all these attractions we are not surprised to learn that "the creeds of sectarists have become as offal to investigators, though they strive to embalm and preserve them beneath Gothic piles and costly cathedrals, to the merriment of metaphysicians and the almost infinite sorrow of angels." Christianity has only a very short term of life left, for "in the year 1900 Spiritualism will be the religion of the enlightened world." How "the eleven millions of Spiritualists" in the United States must make merry at the debates in Parliament on the Irish Church and the Conscience Clause, when they see men making such a fight over what has but twenty-nine more years to run! With a forcible, if somewhat confused, metaphor, they indignantly ask,

Shall we
Load our young thought with the iron shirt,
By bigots raked from some Judean graveyard's dirt?

If among Spiritualists there are great artists, as we doubt not, what a glorious subject they have for a picture! Let them represent "thought" clothed in its iron shirt, got, according to custom, by raking in the graveyard, fainting under its load, but refreshed by the Poughkeepsie Seer, under the garb of a Good Samaritan, who pours in onion soup and spring beverage, and in spite of the iron of the shirt still manages to produce a complete magnetic sweating. As a companion picture we might have, by way of contrast, the Rev. H. W. Beecher, though he "is a grand man with a warm heart and an inspirational brain," nevertheless rejecting the Harmonial Philosophy, and "falling from grace" to flounce, at intervals, in the miry clay of his childhood catechism.

The great work before us, the *Seers of the Ages*, is, we are told, a "beautiful repository of Ancient and Modern Spiritualism." It is doubtless the first and only work that has placed the past wave-eras, with their representative spiritual chieftains, in chronological and systematic order." Further on we learn that it is "a vast and inexhaustible mine of immortal wealth, exhuming for incorporation into the spiritual temples we build." We certainly, after studying it, have found it necessary to amend our notions on such trifling matters as language, geography, and history. Now that the "wave-eras" have got into their "chronological order," we must not doubt that Plato said that "Cicero professed he could never read the story of Socrates' death without tears." To be sure there has been a kind of vague and undefined opinion hitherto prevalent that Plato died more than two centuries before Cicero was born, but we have changed all that. The foolish world's history has hitherto been written only on parchment and paper, but "waves of progress are writing their thoughts on crystal realms and defiant rocks." It is no doubt from a study of these documents that our author has been able to set us right about Cicero and Plato. Moreover, "Judge Edmonds, a jurist of unimpeachable integrity and keen discernment, whose publications have been found on the Himalayan mountains in Asia and in the forecabin of a whale-ship in the Northern Ocean," and who therefore is an undoubted authority in geography, has evidently discovered that neither Calcutta is in Bengal nor Constantinople in Europe. While our author himself, Mr. J. M. Peebles (may we familiarly and spiritually call him "Brother James?"), informs us, in his learned chapter on the Resurrection, that "anastasis is derived from 'anisterni, the verbal form,' Brother J. O. Barrett, in the 'Horoscope,' which seems in the language of the spirits to mean 'a puff preliminary,' gives us some Sanskrit as well as some Greek. We cannot clearly make out whether he is writing about his own work or about Brother James's, but he tells us that

Even the title of the book is peculiarly significant. Pastophora is lexicographically connected with pastor—shepherd—indicative of ministerial office for the protection of the religious flock. It is originally rooted in the Sanskrit, the oldest language in the world, and used in the plural, Pastophore, literally meaning *deciders in the temples*. It is therefore a most beautiful title, euphonious in pronunciation, symbolizing the inner life, burning as a Shekinah watch-light to the worshipping soul in its own "holy of holies."

* *Seers of the Ages: embracing Spiritualism Past and Present, Doctrines Stated and Moral Tendencies Defined.* By J. M. Peebles. Third Edition. Boston: White & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1870.

We hope that, when Dean Liddell and Dean Scott find their Greek Lexicon thus corrected by the spirit-world, they will not, like certain "sectarists religiously canned (*sic*), sealed, and creed-encrusted, cry in tones fearful and sepulchral—"humbag!" Surely when Arago, St. Matthew, the author of the Acts of the Apostles, and Emma Tuttle all in the same page testify to "the sweet æolian-toned echoes from spirit-lands," we shall not find our two English Deans among the disbelievers. Whether they will be equally ready to receive "Brother James's" interpretation of the Scriptures we feel rather doubtful. Had we not Brother Barrett's assurance that Brother James's "is the language that speaks from the heart, beating along the sun-mantled shores of time," we should have mistaken it for blasphemy. As it is, we simply quote his interpretation, and leave our readers to decide how far it is spiritual:—

As I hear—(clairaudiently)—I judge; and my judgment is just: because I seek not mine own will (medium-like), but the will of the Father.—John v. 30.

The historical views of Brother James, or rather of St. James, as we find him called, are as striking as his theology. They have this great advantage over ordinary history, that they are thoroughly original, not only as regards theory, but also as regards facts. He divides the world's history into three great periods which correspond with the three great symbols, the triangle, the cross, and the circle:—

While many spirit ripples have danced upon the sea of progress, three mighty waves have loomed up on the ocean of the ages—ancient, mediæval, and modern Spiritualism. The first shedding its kindling glories in India, Egypt, China, and adjoining nations, threw such an effulgence of baptismal beauty over the more cultured of those earlier civilizations, that all the subsequent declining eras were illuminated even down to the birth of the Nazarene. Mediæval Spiritualism dating from the advent of Jesus, that eminent Judean Spiritualist, enriched the Platonic thinkers of Alexandria, ennobled the statesmen of Greece, quickened the orators of Rome, encircled in light the footsteps of seers and martyrs, pierced with scattered sunbeams the gloom of the dark ages, inspired those old reformers, and tinged with a divine brightness the progressive movements that marked nearly twenty centuries preceding the "Rochester Rappings!" This last Spiritual wave is familiar to us all.

It is happy for us that the last wave has at length come. For, as Brother James truly remarks, "It is difficult to Jerusalemize Anglo-Saxons. Robes may have been well for Aaron, fox-chasing for Sampson, grazing for Nebuchadnezzar," but "if the soul-lamp would burn brightly, illuminating the living now, it must be lit from such inspirational fire-fountains as the wants of this age have kindled." No wonder that Mr. John Stuart Mill, Queen Victoria, "Mr. S. C. Hall, celebrated in literature, and many others of equal note, are all believers in the Spiritualistic theory." Louis Napoleon must, we fear, have been treated as was Ahab of old, and urged on to his ruin by a lying spirit, if it is true that he is "a firm and ardent student of these phenomena, and that he received many messages believed by him to emanate from the spirit of Napoleon the First." We cannot but fear lest, after the misfortunes he has gone through, he may fall away from the true faith, and may even join those profane persons "who by the aid of their index fingers succeed in turning up their noses at Spiritualists." It would, however, be far wiser for him to remain content with his destiny, and to remember that "all things from atoms to astral worlds move in spirals—cycles being the subjects of law." He can from a distance calmly contemplate the bombardment of Paris, and chant the great Spiritualist hymn—

A spiral winds from the worlds to the suns,
And every star that shines
In the path of degrees for ever runs,
And the spiral octave climbs.

While Marshal Bazaine or any other brother-Spiritualist can chant back—

That angel song, now low and far,
Ere long shall sound from star to star;
That light, the breaking day which tips
The golden-spined Apocalypse.

If they both are destined to spend the rest of their lives in exile, still "hyphenated by erudition and inspired by unitive purpose," they can "arch the years with wisdom," and live in the hope of holding a high place among "the millions of Spiritualists, prophets, yogees, sages, seers, and mediums." The Emperor can never hold the highest place in the spiritual world. He threw away his chance by the *coup d'état*. While he was President of a Republic he might have been selected as the future apostle. But France, no longer free, was not to see the birth of the new religion. "Cognizant of a rising spiritual wave, congresses of angels divined the noble project of laying the foundation-stone of this new temple, majestic, cosmopolitan, and strikingly sublime, in America—land of free thought, free speech, free press." The hour came, and with it the man. Brother A. J. Davis arose, and "through him, in his clairvoyant state, was dictated by spirits" the great religious philosophy or philosophical religion, the outward and visible signs of which are the onion soup, the spring beverage, and the magnetic sweating. Truly, as our author observes, "objective entities are but the projections of etheralized spirit substances."

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

III.

THE Unknown River. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.) It is pleasant, after the gorgeous chromo-lithographs with which most of the Christmas books are adorned, to come upon such simple but charming etchings as

these of Mr. Hamerton's. We doubt if even he, in his Unknown River, was more delighted as he suddenly glided in his canoe from beneath the hot glare of the sun into some deep and shady pool, than we were as in the course of our explorations through long lines of books we found that we had left glaring colours behind, and could refresh our weary eyes with the simple work of a real artist. We hope that another year Mr. Hamerton may find a large number of followers, and that publishers will recollect that there are still left a few people whose love of art is not satisfied either by photographs or by chromo-lithographs. We must not forget to add that Mr. Hamerton's narrative of his canoe voyage is in every way worthy of the illustrations with which it is adorned.

Crackers for Christmas. By E. Knatchbull-Hugessen, M.P. (Macmillan and Co.) These fairy stories are certainly a great deal better than most stories of their kind, but after all we do not know that we quite like them. As all faith in ogres, giants, and fairies has died out, so also has died out the art of writing about them. The best of this class of stories are merely clever imitations, and are almost always spoilt by what is called an "undercurrent of humour." In other words, the writer has so constantly before him the absurdity of his own creations that he cannot keep from burlesquing himself. Our author affords us an instance of this in his story of the Ogre's Cave. A little boy named Cecil has been caught by a second Polyphemus, and has been stored away on a shelf in his cave with a view to his being eaten. He is represented as flattering himself with the hope that the ogre would have a wife, who, with the proverbial kindness of an ogre, would free him. "But then, horrid thought, perhaps this ogre wasn't married! And when Cecil remembered the exceedingly shabby manner in which his enemy was dressed, and how he had noticed that the hand which seized him had no button on the wristband of its shirt, he feared that this was only too probable." We ourselves are inclined to the opinion that, till faith in such monsters returns, stories about them should not be written. But at all events, if a story is written, let it follow the Horatian rule, *et sibi constet*. This particular incident, moreover, is doubly inartistic, as it is absurd to represent a child as noticing a buttonless wristband, much more inferring from it that an ogre or any one else was unmarried.

Child Life. By Crichton Campbell. (Routledge and Sons.) This little book is adapted from the German of Rudolph Reichenau, and is most charmingly illustrated by Oscar Pletsch. If it is a fair specimen of German nursery art, we must admit that it is not only in army administration that our neighbours are far in advance of us, but that they can beat us also in the nursery. Such a painstaking race as the Germans would no doubt, even in their cradles, be dissatisfied with those gaudy daubs which are supposed to be the delight of our own children.

In Gems of French Art (Routledge and Sons) Mr. W. B. Scott gives us, with the aid of some finely-executed autotypes, a very interesting essay on the French School of Art. We would especially select for praise the photographs of Bellange's picture of the "Two Friends," and Gérôme's "Louis XIV. and Molière." Rosa Bonheur's "Heath on the Pyrenees" is, we must confess, a failure. It is only indeed by courtesy that the background can be called a heath. When turned the wrong way up, it makes almost as good clouds. We could have wished that one or two illustrations had been excluded, and one or two artists represented who find no place. Among the gems of French art, surely a picture by M. Trayer should have found a place. We must not forget to add that this work is as elegantly bound as it is illustrated, and that it is in every respect an *édition de luxe*.

Peoples of the World. By Bessie Parkes-Belloc. (Cassell and Co.) If this is a new book, Mrs. Parkes-Belloc must be living in some delightfully retired spot, for it is quite clear that not even a rumour of the war on the Continent has as yet reached her. We cannot commend this work for its historical accuracy. The author tells us that "suppose for a moment all history had been clean swept from our knowledge—suppose nothing but the languages remained to us—we should still have the clearest evidence that our land had been taken possession of by the Romans at some past date, and that they had married with our original peoples in France and England." Before Mrs. Parkes-Belloc writes any more books for the young, we would recommend her to study Mr. Freeman's *Old English History for Children*.

The Poetical Works of H. W. Longfellow. (Routledge and Sons.) This is, we are told, "the only complete edition that can be issued in the United Kingdom of Mr. Longfellow's poems." It is illustrated by Gilbert, and is, what is called, tastefully bound. We can confidently recommend it as a suitable book for a prize in a young ladies' school, if indeed there are any young ladies' schools so vulgar as to know of prizes.

Lighthouses and Lightships. By W. H. Davenport Adams. (Nelson and Sons.) So far as we have been able to dip into this little work, it is very clearly and interestingly written, and abounding in information. The illustrations which accompany it render the explanations much more easy to understand.

The World of Moral and Religious Anecdote. By Edwin Paxton Hood. (Hodder and Stoughton.) It is difficult to say whether the particular anecdote on which we happened to light, as we opened Mr. Hood's book, should be classified as Moral or Religious, as it is the record of a bet made by "a party" that "he would make a pig walk up a flight of stairs." Leaving this question for theologians and moralists to settle, we can recommend this book to all those serious people who, finding the Sunday rather dull,

are nevertheless ashamed to turn to light literature unless it is hidden under a title as serious as themselves.

The Leisure Hour. (Paternoster Row and 164 Piccadilly.) Considering the price of this publication, the illustrations are wonderfully good. Many a far more pretentious work has far inferior artists employed upon it. We cannot profess to have done more than dip into the letter-press. What we have read is at all events innocent, and at times instructive.

Madeline's Trial, and other Stories. Translated from the French by Annie Harwood. (Hodder and Stoughton.) These seem to be very pretty stories, and the translator has done her work well. We submitted them to the criticism of some little people, who, after hearing them read aloud, pronounced them "splendid!"

Peter Parley's Annual. (Ben. George.) Peter Parley informs us that his "Annual has for thirty years been pre-eminently the young gentleman's universal favourite, and has been hailed with delight by a large constituency of the rising generation." We would especially commend to "the young gentleman's" attention a tremendous header taken by a vast hippopotamus down the falls of the Zambesi. The animal covers almost half the height of the falls, and must be about 100 feet from tail to snout. The attitude of amazement of the black man in the foreground, with one foot uplifted and one hand in the air, is doubtless true to nature.

With this book we must place *Routledge's Every Boy's Annual*, which is none the less acceptable for being written for boys and not for "young gentlemen." To judge from the pictures, it contains what boys delight in—that is, plenty of tremendous fighting. There is fighting as in the olden time with lance and scimitar, and fighting as in the modern time with cannon and rifles, and, as there is a story of school life, there is no doubt fighting as in all times with the two fists. We were so much delighted with the end of one of the stories that we cannot resist the pleasure of quoting it. "A bright axe gleamed in the moonlight, a cannon-ball plunged into the deep, and Bouvel dangled at the yardarm. Again did the keen blade fall, and the water closed over the traitor's head." What a pity it is that we can no longer find that exquisite relish in such descriptions that we could in boyhood.

Collects of the Church of England, with floral borders. (Macmillan and Co.) We fear that the brilliant colouring of these floral borders will scarcely stand the wear of time, and we think that it would have been better if they had been quite simple. An attempt has been made, as the artist tells us, where it was possible, "to connect the drawing with the day to which it has been assigned." For Ascension Day, for instance, Solomon's Seal has been selected; "not that it has any special connexion, but the fact that it is known in some parts by the name of 'Jacob's Ladder' renders it not inappropriate." A person must have, we should imagine, a very evenly balanced mind to use this book properly; otherwise his pursuit of botany will be likely to interfere with the practice of his devotions, or the practice of his devotions will be likely to interfere with his pursuit of botany. With such strong colours the botany, we fear, will carry the day.

Routledge's Illustrated Reading-Book. This is on the whole a very well executed book, and the "520 engravings" which adorn it are surprisingly good. When we remember the illustrations to the *Æsop's Fables* of our childhood, we think that young folk of the present day should lift up their hands and bless Mr. Routledge. The type, too, is clear; and at the beginning there is, as is most desirable, a good deal of repetition. We scarcely think, however, that a child who begins with "A is for Ape, and B is for Bat," will, after reading 156 pages, be ready for "Antony's Oration over the Body of Cæsar." American children perhaps—and we notice that Mr. Routledge has a house in New York—make such rapid progress. An English child would be much fitter for Jack the Giant-Killer's Oration over Giant Blunderbore. Nor can we quite agree with all the rules of pronunciation laid down. If "tion sounds like shon, and tian like shan," then we should say, "A Chrissian in spite of his caution had a tershan ague, for which he took genshan." We ourselves prefer to be peculiar, and to say, as we have been accustomed to say, "A Christian in spite of his caution had a tertian ague, for which he took gentian."

Among reprints and new editions we have to notice *Bunyan's Holy War* (Warne and Co.); *Stories about Boys*, by A. R. Hope (Nimmo); and *The Hunting Grounds of the Old World*, by "The Old Shekarry" (Routledge).

The Marvels of the Heavens, by C. Flammarion, translated from the French by Mrs. Norman Lockyer. (Bentley.) This book, as far as we have looked into it, seems cleverly written, and is, we should imagine, well translated. At all events it reads easily. It is a pity that for the numerous quotations from the French poets parallel passages could not have been found from the English poets; that is to say, if such passages exist. The illustrations are clear, and add greatly to the value of the book.

The Orville College Boys. By Mrs. Henry Wood. (Routledge.) We have read some way into this story, but we have failed to find anything that reminded us in any way of our own schoolboy days. It is a daring thing for a woman to attempt to describe the life of a schoolboy, of which it is almost impossible for her to know anything. Perhaps Miss Martineau, in her *Crofton Boys*, has succeeded the best. Miss Edgeworth certainly failed in that one of her stories where the scene is laid at Westminster School. Boys will no doubt stand a good deal in the way of stories, provided only there is enough fighting, but we doubt if they will stand

Orville College. For ourselves, as soon as we had reached the end of the first line, we were disagreeably reminded of Mrs. Wood's novels, and of the profusion of words in which they are written. "The glowing sunset of a September evening was shining," &c. As if the sunset ever came in a September morning, and, when it glowed, did not always shine.

The Birth and Childhood of Our Lord Jesus Christ. (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.) We have in this elegant volume "meditations selected from the works" of some of the old Fathers and more modern divines, adorned with "twelve photographs after Leonardo da Vinci, Raffaele, Murillo, Guido, Delaroché, Ary Scheffer, and other masters." Allowing even that Ary Scheffer deserves as high a place in art as his admirers claim for him, it is still very comical to have a very short list beginning with Leonardo da Vinci and ending with "Ary Scheffer and other masters." Among the other masters, by the way, is Rubens. With the exception of the title-page the rest of the volume is judiciously executed. The selections from the old divines are good, and the photographs are excellent; they are, in fact, all that photographs can be.

The Changed Cross, and other Religious Poems. (Low and Co.) This is a reprint of a collection of sacred poems that first appeared in New York. In turning over the leaves we have not found any verse so good as to deserve quotation; but, on the other hand—and this is a great point in such a collection—we have found nothing absurd or contemptible. It is, we think, quite up to, if not beyond, the average merit of similar works.

The Cat's Pilgrimage. By James Anthony Froude, M.A. (Edmonston and Douglas.) This is a reprint from *Short Studies on Great Subjects*. The illustrations are about on a par with the story; that is to say, both are tolerable, but not more than tolerable.

We wonder if there are any people who really use *Punch's Pocket-Book*. We presume there must be, as there is the customary space given to the diary and cash-account. A man who could laugh "these twenty years" at the story of "the old grouse in the gun-room" might perhaps be able to endure the sight of the same comic picture on each one of the 365 days of a year. Any one with less conservative tastes would fling the book away in a rage before the end of January. By the way, we notice that Mr. Punch is more republican in his views than Messrs. De la Rue. Among the sovereigns of Europe they still place Napoleon III. and the Pope; while in *Punch's Pocket-Book* France is left a blank, and only the Leonine city is assigned to Rome. Messrs. De la Rue's Red Letter Diary and Pocket-Books are as convenient as ever, and, we may add, as learned. Armed with these any man may feel fully prepared for everything, from an eclipse or a comet down to the day when fire-insurances fall due. The remarkable days are rendered still more remarkable by the contractions employed and by the way in which the occurrences succeed each other. We wonder if there is any connexion between "March 27. M. Jupiter nr. moon 5h. 6m. p.m., and March 28. Tu. Battersea Bridge opd. 1858." And does "Mer. in inf. conj. with sun" mean "Mercury in an infernal conjunction with the sun," and portend a general conflagration? We notice especially among Messrs. De la Rue's publications a magnificent pocket-book, bound in velvet. *Herring's Postal Secrétaire* (Longmans and Co.), and *Marcus Ward's Concise Diary*, seem to be excellently arranged. The latter work is a novelty, as the year's diary is divided into four equal portions, one of which only need be carried by those whose engagements do not embrace more than a month or two. By the way, we wish that the historical portions of these diaries could either be done correctly or else omitted altogether. Lord Stafford may have been executed on December 29th, but most assuredly it was not, as Mr. Marcus Ward informs us, in the year 1780.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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